



OBSERVER: VOLUME 20, ISSUE 9. MARCH 7, 2006



## New Hudson Valley Housing Co-Op *Ranked among the Nation's nine greenest*

BY ZARNI HTUN

In April of 2006, The Common Fire Foundation (CFF) will be opening a housing co-op on West Kerley Corners Road, Tivoli. The most unique component of the co-op will be the building itself, which has already been titled "The Greenest Building in the Northeast." The Hudson Valley Housing Co-op has been receiving applications from people from this area and even New York City. The house can currently hold up to 11 people. Five have already been accepted and depending on whether applicants wish to have double rooms to themselves or not, six or fewer people will be accepted. Although year-long leases are the desired terms, CFF is willing to compromise with applicants who wish to stay for shorter durations and subletting is a possibility. Kavitha Rao, co-founder of CFF, stresses the involvement CFF would love to have with Bard students and alumni, the latter groups of whom have been involved over time as interns and volunteer workers. Bard applicants are very welcome.

The members of CFF share a commitment to "leading lives that are actively in solidarity with other people and the planet." CFF is looking for people committed to social justice, dedicated to environmental sustainability, and who thrive on creative exchanges with similarly oriented people from diverse backgrounds and life experiences. CFF believes that many housing co-ops in the past century have given people the ability to more effectively manage time and money, support each others' shared interests and exercise democratic control over home environments. The general idea is for the shared living environment to nurture people's compassion and humanitarian qualities while promoting solidarity of spirit and a sharing of ideas and information. Individuals will be aided in developing personally and professionally and become more aware of how they can help in bettering the world. The Hudson Valley Housing Co-op and CFF believe that "there is no single broad way the co-op residents or anyone else in the world should live." The residents will have

room to choose for themselves both lifestyle and line of work.

Co-op members must, however, commit to five things. In order to advance individually and collectively, CFF emphasizes the importance of developing the following attributes: compassion; awareness and connection with the most urgent contemporary issues; ability to project personal power into the world to affect these issues; commitment to personal practices necessary for the sustenance of personal health, joy and efforts in the world; and initiative to consistently act on compassion, knowledge, power and sustained energy. These five broad areas are the essentials of what CFF wants to develop in each of its programs.

After years of research, building and preparation, the construction of the Hudson Valley Co-op in Tivoli earned the U.S. Green Building Council's (USGBC) highest rating—Platinum—a distinction it shares with only nine others in the country. The building, drawing near to completion in construction, is currently the only one of its kind in the Northeast. It will serve as a model for promoting water and energy efficiency, human health and careful materials and site selection. Thanks to support from donors throughout the US, CFF was able to raise the required \$35,000 needed for them to stay on track with

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construction, due to a condition the primary lender placed in the final commitment letter. However, fundraising needs are not met yet. CFF currently has two loans from two financial institutions to cover \$710,000 for construction costs along with significant support from New York State. However, an additional \$55,000 has to be raised by the end of this year to finalize funding. Once this is accomplished, the housing co-op will be self-funding as residents will share the costs of mortgage, utilities and maintenance.

Contact and general information about The Common Fire Foundation and the Hudson Valley Housing Co-op can be found on [www.commonfire.org](http://www.commonfire.org).

## Abortion Bans Begin Their Creep Across the Nation *Mississippi joins South Dakota*

BY ARIANA LENARSKY

South Dakota was just the beginning. As recently as March 1, a state House committee in Mississippi moved to ban most abortions, providing no exceptions in cases of rape or incest. The House Public Safety Committee has decided that abortion will only be an option to save the mother's life. The bill will head over to the full House, and then on to the Senate.

Mississippi Democrat Steve Holland, who introduced the ban, discussed his reasoning for presenting the ban, stating that he was fed up with people attempting to pass laws year after year to subtly make abortion laws stronger. He also voiced his personal quandary on the issue. "I have a strong dilemma within myself on this," Holland said. "I can only impregnate. I can't get pregnant myself."

Gov. Haley Barbour said Wednesday he would most likely sign the bill. Barbour, a Republican, said he believed in an exception in cases of rape and incest, but if such a bill came to his desk: "I suspect I'll sign it."

Mississippi already has some of the strongest laws in the country regarding abortion, including a 24-hour waiting period and counseling for all abortions, plus

the consent of both parents for minors who seek the procedure. There is one abortion clinic in all of Mississippi, located in Jackson.

"We're realists. We know we're in a state where the Legislature is anti-choice," said Susan Hill, president of the National Women's Health Organization, which supports abortion rights and runs the clinic. (AP)

Minnesota lawmakers have been restless as well, but abortion foes find a court case in their way that Scott Fischbach, who heads Minnesota Citizens Concerned for Life, the state's main anti-abortion group, calls "our state Roe v. Wade."

The Supreme Court case from 1995 is called Doe v. Gomez, requiring state health programs for the poor to pay for abortions. While South Dakota and Mississippi's bans are direct challenges to Roe v. Wade, the ruling in Doe v. Gomez explicitly recognizes a woman's right to abortion. "What they did in Doe v. Gomez was found an absolute right to abortion in the Minnesota Constitution, and that needs to be addressed," Fischbach said. MCCL plans to undo public funding for abortion

*Last week, South Dakota lawmakers voted to outlaw almost all abortions, giving Gov. Mike Rounds 15 days to decide. He has already said he's inclined to sign the bill.*

this legislative session, stating that it is their top priority.

Auspicious nominations to the US Supreme Court have been a primary reason for the recent activism of anti-abortion advocates around the country. With the addition of Chief Justice John Roberts and Justice Samuel Alito, the court has become influentially more conservative. Anti-abortion advocates want tighter limits on abor-

*Continued on page 5*

## News from NOLA *The Observer continues its regular coverage of law and life in New Orleans*

BY KEITH McDERMOTT

*Levees, Lies, and Video tape*

Last week the Associated Press obtained a confidential government video of a meeting between federal disaster officials and President Bush on August 28, the day before Katrina made landfall. The video shows the President being warned of the distinct possibility of levee failure and possible lack of medical and mortuary facilities to cope with the disaster. Then-FEMA director Michael Brown is seen describing the storm as "the big one," and even notes the instability of the Superdome's roof, which was partially destroyed only a day later. Max Mayfield, of the National Hurricane Center, reported to the panel: "The big question is going to be: Will that top some of the levees? And the track and the forecast we have now suggests there will be minimal flooding in the city of New Orleans itself, but we've also said the storm surge model is only accurate within about 20 per cent. If that tract were to deviate just a little bit to the west, it makes all the difference in the world. I expect there will be levees over top even out here in the western portions where the airport is."

The President did not ask any questions during the presentation, though at its conclusion he did make one comment: "I want to assure folks at state level that we are fully prepared." The tape presents a clear contradiction, as only five days later Bush commented, "I don't think anybody anticipated the breach of the levees."

Another video released last week showed the Governor of Louisiana, Kathleen Blanco, assuring the Bush administration and other federal officials that New Orleans' levees were intact. The panel discussion took place around noon on August 29. By then the levees had already been breached for several hours, and residents were already swimming through 8 to 10 feet of water. The transcript demonstrates the lack of communication and ineptitude of all involved in the disaster: "We keep getting reports in some places that maybe water is coming over the levees... We heard a report unconfirmed, I think, we have not breached the levee. I think we have not breached the levee at this time."

*Men in suits take the Katrina Tour*

A 34-member delegation of Congressmen and women as well as religious leaders will begin a three day tour of the region affected by Hurricane Katrina last Thursday. The group visited the Industrial Canal levee breach in the Lower 9th Ward where they received a briefing from Dan Hitchings, the director of the Army Corps of Engineers' Task Force Hope. They will also meet with members of Women of the Storm, a nonpartisan group that formed to get more members of Congress to visit devastated communities in Louisiana. Their tour will also pass through an oil refinery, coastal Alabama and Mississippi, and Lakeview. During their flight they watched a documentary on Katrina damage prepared by CNN.

*Sassy judge is keeping his eye on Katrina*

A federal judge in New Orleans found no legal basis to order FEMA to continue housing St. Bernard Parish hurricane evacuees on the cruise ship "Scotia Price." US District Judge Peter Beer warned that the case would remain open, so that he could "haul the agency [FEMA] in to explain itself" if it does not deliver on its promises to find alternate housing for those who were evicted. Beer's decision describes FEMA as "the only game in town" for many residents, and as an agency of "ineptitude, inefficiency and indifference." Two other FEMA-funded cruise ship evacuation centers were closed down on March 1. FEMA officials said that those residents were relocated to trailers or hotel rooms.

*Just the facts*

Currently two-thirds of New Orleans' pre-Katrina population is living elsewhere and a shortage of affordable housing is often the foremost reason many are unable to return. A Brown University study predicted the city, which was almost 70% African-American before Hurricane Katrina, could lose up to 80% of its black population.



## Former Holocaust Denier Sentenced to Three Years

BY OLIVER TRALDI

Two weeks ago David Irving, the controversial British World War II historian and author of *Hitler's War*, among other books, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for Holocaust denial by an Austrian court. He was arrested in November of last year under a warrant issued in 1989 for two speeches he gave then.

Since his arrest, Irving has recanted his previously stated views in an official statement, saying, according to the *Telegraph*, that though "there were these two small buildings where gassings were done" at Auschwitz, "we can be very argumentative about the scale of it." In court he has professed to be "absolutely without doubt that the Holocaust took place," based on the personal files of the Holocaust's primary architect, Adolf Eichmann. Previously published writings of Irving's endorse the view that Auschwitz was "a labor camp with an unfortunately high death rate." Irving also once asserted that *The Diary of Anne Frank* was not entirely authentic. In addition, he has been quoted on record expressing clearly racist views,

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as in a 1992 speech when he opined that black newscasters such as Sir Trevor MacDonald, Britain's first, should "read their own news," which he suggested would consist of "all the latest news about the muggings and the drug busts."

Irving's career began with *The Destruction of Dresden*, published in 1963 when Irving was 25. The book was widely popular within the United Kingdom as well as the international community due to a growing debate over the morality of the carpet bombing of German cities and civilians. *Dresden* was followed by several more accounts of various aspects of World War II, including *Accident: The Death of General Sikorski*, which suggests that Winston Churchill was involved in the death of the Polish leader, and *The Destruction of Convoy PQ-17*, which held Commander Jack Broome responsible for the loss of life incurred by the incident. Both books came out in 1967. A year later, when Irving lost a libel suit to Broome, circulation of the latter ceased.

*Dresden* opened many doors for Irving. Its sympathetic tone was not lost on ex-Nazis; many important former officials allowed him access to diaries and other telling, previously clandestine documents. Some of these Irving published as English translations of the originals; others he compiled into books, still relatively sympathetic, such as *The Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe*.

Two of Irving's later works are *Hitler's War*, published first in 1977 and again later in revisions and additions, and *Churchill's War*, a decade later. The latter presents Churchill himself as an alcoholic and a racist, set on war and concerned with the interests of "international Jewry." The former contrasts Hitler, seen as a rational politician with Germany's best interests in mind, with Churchill, who is blamed for the war. The first edition finds the view that Hitler was not involved with the Holocaust unacceptable; afterwards, however, Irving's position changed. At the 1988 trial of another Holocaust denier, Ernst Zündel, he said that he didn't "think there was any overall Reich policy to kill the Jews. If there was, they would have been killed and there would not be now so many millions of survivors. And believe me, I am glad for every survivor there was." The 1991 edition of *Hitler's War* included no references to the Holocaust or to concentration camps.

Scholars have been quick to note both problems with and virtues of Irving's work. John Keegan called the notion that Nazi underlings had kept plans of the

*Continued on page five*

## Students for a Free Tibet Gets Bard Chapter

BY DINKO ALEKSANDROV

Students for a Free Tibet is one of the fourteen new clubs at Bard this semester. It aims to bring awareness of the cruelty and torture to which Tibetans have been and are subjected. Since the Chinese government conquered Tibet in 1959, there haven't been many "sunny" days for those who live on "the roof of the world." Their human rights have often been violated, including the right of religion and free speech. This is why in 1994 a group of students and young supporters founded the organization Students for a Free Tibet (SFT). Its international network covers more than 35 countries. SFT has launched numerous successful campaigns, which include organizing concerts throughout the US, disrupting the budget of China's biggest oil company (PetroChina), and blocking a World Bank project that would have helped 58,000 Chinese colonists settle in Tibet.

Since 1994, the organization has grown to more than 650 high school, university, and community chapters in the United States. Even though the one at Bard is comparatively new, the president of the club, Stephanie Harris, has already showed her motivation and enthusiasm to further increase the success of SFT. "We are tabling this Thursday, March 9", says Harris. "We're going to be handing out info on the Panchen Lama, showing a video and putting out a petition. Then on March 11, we are going to show "Kundun" in Weis. It's going to be a special evening for us and for all supporters of Tibet. We are going to be selling Tibetan food, which we will prepare with local lamas currently residing at Kunzang Palchen Ling Buddhist Center in Red Hook." The screening of "Kundun" (1997) is planned for seven pm. The movie is directed by Martin Scorsese. It traces the life of His Holiness the Dalai Lama from his early childhood through his education in the monastery and his eventual escape to India. The spiritual leader of Tibet was forced to flee his country in 1959, when China invaded Tibet. He has lived in Dharamsala ever since.

In addition to the movie night on Saturday (3/11), Harris is trying to create strong bonds with Tibetan supporters in the area. Her main hopes are directed towards the Buddhist center in Red Hook, which promotes the teachings of the Kagya Buddhist lineage. Kagya-pa is one of the four main schools in Tibetan Buddhism, the other ones being Nyingma-pa, Sakya-pa, and Geluk-pa. "The center in Red Hook is run by Bardor Tulku Rinpoche," Stephanie explains, "who works very closely with the Karmapa of Tibet, the country's 2nd most important leader (after the Dalai Lama). This is a great resource for those wanting to learn about Tibet, and the Bard community should really take advantage of the opportunity. There are Tibetan lamas currently residing at the center and we are planning on hosting events with them at Bard, as well as visiting their center in order to learn more about their culture and religion. For example, later this Spring, we are planning for Bardor Tulku



Rinpoche to come speak at Bard. The lecture will most likely cover topics surrounding Tibetan struggles, his center, life's work and religious beliefs. Keep your eyes peeled for an announce email/posters with the exact date."

The SFT chapter at Bard is open to everyone interested in bringing awareness of Tibet's struggle for freedom. The meetings are held at seven pm each Monday in the President's Room in Kline. For more information on the international organization Students for a Free Tibet, visit their website at <http://studentsforafreetibet.org>.

## England Revises Stance on Controversial GM Technology

BY CHRISTINE NIELSEN

In 2000, the United Nations Convention on Biodiversity (CBD) put a global moratorium on the testing and commercialization of "terminator" technology, a type of genetic modification which renders the seeds of crops infertile. Since that time, Britain has abided by those standards, acknowledging the threat the technology poses to the many farmers, especially poor farmers, who rely on seeds from their own crops for replanting. That is until now. Last month the Department for the Environment, Food and Rural Affairs (Defra) surreptitiously announced that it will be looking into applications of terminator technology. The change of heart came in the form of an update of Defra's policy on Genetic Use Restriction Technologies (GURTs) on the website, which may be found at <http://www.defra.gov.uk/environment/gm/eu/gurts-0602.htm>.

There are two different types of GURTs, both of which have proven controversial among environmentalists and humanitarians alike. The first, known as v-GURTs or "terminator seeds," are normal seeds treated with a chemical prior to distribution to farmers. The chemical, introduced into the seeds via specialized bacteria, allows the plants to grow normally in every aspect save reproduction. Presumably, v-GURTs differ from normal genetically modified (GM) seeds by cutting off the genetic line of

crops at each generation, which proponents of the technology claim would help stop the production of "super weeds" now caused by the spread of GM pollen into normal weeds. Many environmentalists disagree with this claim, however, proposing alternately that v-GURTs will continue to produce pollen, and will pose the additional threat of sterilizing non-GM plants as well.

The second type of GURT, t-GURTs or "traitor technology," involve genetically modifying seeds so that desirable traits—such as rapid and healthy growth—are expressed only once the developing plants are treated with a specialized chemical, sold separately from the seeds themselves, by the same large-scale biotech companies. The implementation of this technology in a given area would effectively make local farmers entirely dependent on the producers of these GM products.

*"Traitor technology" involves genetically modifying seeds so that desirable traits—such as rapid and healthy growth—are expressed only once the developing plants are treated with a specialized chemical, sold separately from the seeds themselves, by the same large-scale biotech companies.*

By way of explanation for Britain's rejection of the CBD moratorium, Defra's website reads, "Recognising that there are both potential benefits and risks associated with GM crops, all countries should be able to make their own informed choices about whether to adopt GM technologies. The development of certain GURTs is of particular importance for some developing countries where farmers tend to rely more heavily on seeds replanted from the previous season's harvest. Farmers in developed coun-

*Continued on page 5*



# Sex Workers Art Show Returns to Bard

BY CHRISTINE NIELSEN

Monday night saw the triumphant return of the Sex Workers Art Show. The MPR, filled snugly with Bard students, was the stage for eight different performances. The media ranged from erotic dance to poetry to performance art to electronic media. Most of the performers had the audience laughing, though some—like September Smith, who performed an aerial striptease—were simply hot. Some students were clearly entertained, others clearly challenged by the material.

The SWAS started off as an annual event in Olympia, Washington. The brainchild of Annie Oakley, an Olympia native, the show ran once a year for five years until Oakley decided to take the show on the road. For the past four years, the SWAS has gone on a yearly, month-long tour. Monday's performance at Bard was the fifth-to-last show of this year. When completed, the troupe will have visited 26 cities in 30 days, filling seats everywhere, even in 700-seat stadiums.

Oakley told the *Observer* that she is very happy with the success of this year's tour, citing grand turnout and the nicest crew yet as emblems of that success. When asked what about the tour is important to her, Oakley said her main goal is "to present sex workers as multi-faceted figures," and "to dispel the mythology around the sex industry," which she says only benefits some corrupt elements of the industry, such as club owners and pimps. Through the performances, Oakley hopes to both provide an empowering atmosphere for sex workers and show those same people in full light, as full people, "deserving of rights and social access which are now denied to them."

The SWAS was brought to Bard due to the efforts of the QSA, with financial contributions by Student Activities, and the Peer Health Educators. Most of the cost was fronted by the QSA, however, who spent more than half of their budget bringing the SWAS to Bard.

QSA organizer Genya Shimkin told the *Observer* she was quite pleased with the turnout, saying, "I wanted no noticeable gaps in the seats and people standing in the back. And that's what we got." Shimkin believes the show had better attendance this year than last spring because of the enthusiasm of students who had previously attended, and she hopes to continue this tradition. As for Shimkin's motivation in bringing the SWAS, she says she thinks it is important to confront the "generally open people," at Bard with a lifestyle they may know nothing about, despite all openness. "They're amazing, wonderful, brilliant, funny people," says Shimkin of the SWAS crew. "Go to all the SMOG shows, the Flashmonster shows you want, you're never going to see shit like this," added Shimkin.



Coiner of the term "sex work," long-time activist and prostitute Carol Leigh as the Scarlot Harlot all photos by Genya Shimkin

## SPORTS SCORES

Men's Basketball			
02/18/06	Season Record		4-21-0
Women's Basketball			
02/18/06	Season Record		5-18-0
Men's Volleyball			
02/22/06	Ramapo College	L	3-1
02/24/06	Purchase College	W	3-0
02/25/06	Elms College	W	3-1
03/01/06	Stevens Institute of Technology	L	3-1
Upcoming Men's Volleyball Home Games			
03/11/06	Philadelphia Biblical University		1pm
03/11/06	Purchase College		1pm
03/12/06	Yeshiva University		2pm
03/15/06	SUNY New Paltz		7pm



September Smith impresses and...titilates Bard kids



Juba Kalamka sings soulfully against the backdrop of early, silent French pornography



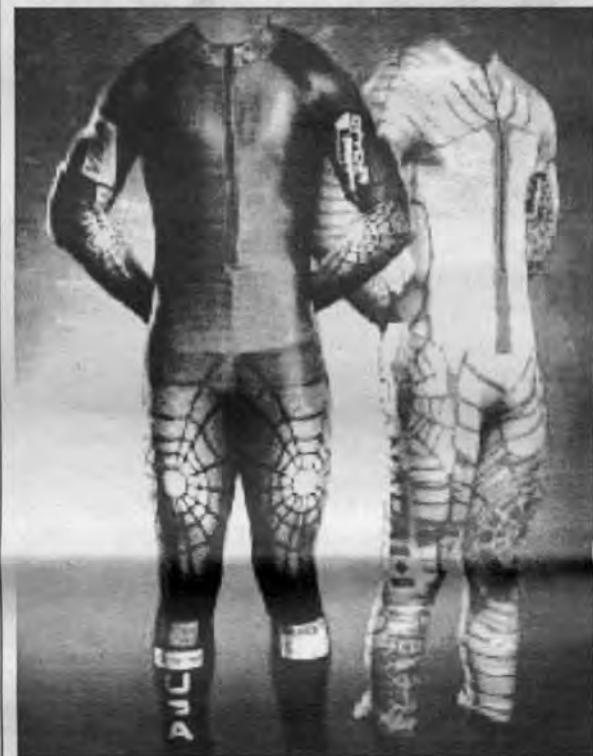
Bard students Ana Saenz and Dave End learn the art of "tapping" from Tralala Farsi Sentiamo

## The Bunsen Burner

BY TRISTAN BENNETT

The winter Olympics this year saw more things hardening than my resolve to be a world-champion curler. British firm d30 distributed newly developed, high-tech skiing outfits that contain a fluid which hardens when sharply struck. The nanotechnology responsible for these snug digs is also poised to revolutionize modern battlefields.

Marketed by skiwear manufacturer Spyder, the new suits contain special d30 pads filled with a fluid which hardens upon impact. Says a Spyder spokeswoman, "It just feels like a foam pad, it's not gel, it's not goo, it's like a closed cell foam." Well if she's not going to be excited about the invention of Borg-style armor, I suppose we the consumers will have to be. The spokeswoman went on in her cold, metallic voice, "It's very soft and pliable when you just manipulate it in your hand. However, when you hit it with a hammer or some kind



of impact, it instantly becomes hard."

In case you thought Venom-style symbiotic suits capable of stopping bullets only interest third-tier athletes, you're wrong. Old man government has been developing this technology for military use for years along with the University of Delaware. The technology is expected to debut later this year in both the commercial and military markets.

Already the potential uses of this technology are spreading beyond these relatively specialized markets. Also slated for development and release in the future: skateboard shoes that stiffen upon necessity.

The technology is pretty much the same as a cornstarch and water mixture (which is pretty much the same as say Ninja Turtles ooze or RL Stine's Monster Blood). A spoon resting atop such a mixture will slowly sink, but if sudden pressure is applied the fluid is unable to move quickly enough to escape your Thor-like hammer's blow and restricts movement.

The sports world is quickly taking notice of the usefulness of such technology. In addition to Spyder, Ribcap and Sells are implementing the d30 foam into their products, which range from soccer goalkeeper's equipment to helmets. The military as well is seeking ways to fine-tune their bulletproof vests, which are adequate at stopping bullets to the midsection, but which fall into greater difficulties stopping (of all examples) an ice pick. This technology may also provide protection for the arms and legs where current equipment is far too bulky and heavy.

Instead of stuffing shirts with packing peanuts, Jacksonville-based Armor Holdings is pursuing a painted-on way of applying the technology. By applying a coat of the nano-solution, ordinary fabrics are made much tougher. More importantly, the force of impact is then spread across a greater surface area, diminishing the possible injury to the wearer. Punching yourself in



## Inside Bard

### Meet Donna

BY ELIZA JARVINEN, NESE SENOL,  
AND TEGAN WALSH

Donna Butt has been working in Kline for fifteen years. She was born and raised in Red Hook, and has stayed in the area since attending Red Hook High School. Donna leads a relaxed life; she used to be into crafts, but now usually spends her time reading, watching TV, and passing the hours with a new "friend." Having worked at Bard for quite a while now, Donna remarked on the changes at the school, both in the campus landscape and in the student body. She explained that the biggest change to the campus she has witnessed is the cafeteria's set up and the addition



of the pizza place, but that the students have changed much more than the room itself. Donna applauded the comparatively respectful student body, saying, "The students are so much better than they used to be." She described students of days past who were wild, messy and unpredictable. She spoke of wild food fights, and general belligerent behavior in the dining commons. Most appalling, Donna once found a pig's head left on the dessert table as a practical joke.

Donna used to work the night shift at Bard, cleaning the dining commons and refilling the napkin containers that used to be on every table. One night she found cat feces in a napkin container, presumably left by students. As to the motivation and inspiration for this prank, one can only guess, but discoveries like this undoubtedly left Donna nervous about the Bard population. Donna also does not appreciate kids trying to sneak into Kline, or sneak in their friends from other schools. She has no tolerance for dishonesty, and will always prefer it if students admit that they don't have any cash and that they have friends visiting. Donna feels very hurt when students disregard the care and effort her coworkers put into the services they provide to the students.

Regarding students who see Kline's strict policy on swiping cards as a great injustice, Donna is sympathetic while remaining steadfast to Chartwell's policy. Donna does argue for the policy, pointing to the fact that not everyone is on the full meal plan, and so swiping cards is very necessary to ensure that students cannot steal meals. Even those who are on the full meal plan are not allowed to re-enter the cafeteria once they have left the building, so the card swiping ensures that people do not end up, for example, stealing a second lunch. Despite this, Donna is very considerate, saying, "I can understand the students as far as the fact that they should be able to eat even if they don't have their card, because they've already paid for their meal." This being said, Donna gives a compelling analogy, comparing Kline to a bank, and pointing out that at the bank, even if a person has money in it, he still needs an ID or ATM card to access that money.

Despite all of this, Donna truly appreciates the student body now. She has great respect for the many students in recent years that have stopped in to help or to simply chat. She finds coming to work much more enjoyable now, as opposed to the past when students were more rowdy and disrespectful. Donna happily anticipates each incoming freshman class, and feels increasingly close to the students she encounters. She loves when old students come back and send her postcards, and feels like the work she does definitely has the potential to affect students' lives. She remembers that "you never knew what you were coming in to before," and is happy and reassured by the constant respect and friendliness she has received at Kline in recent years.

### Abortion, continued from page 2

tion and hope one day the new court will overturn *Roe v. Wade*, the 1973 decision that legalized abortion. Last week, South Dakota lawmakers voted to outlaw almost all abortions, giving Gov. Mike Rounds 15 days to decide. He has already said he's inclined to sign the bill.

President Bush says he hasn't taken too much notice of the bill being passed in South Dakota. He told ABC News that his position would differ, allowing three exceptions to a ban on abortion, as opposed to one in the state law. "I haven't paid attention to ... this particular issue," Bush said. "I can tell you I will put people on the court without a litmus test. In other words, I haven't said to these judges, you know, 'Give me your opinion on this case if it would be coming your way.'"

When asked about the recent provisions in the state law, Bush replied, "Well, that, of course, is a state law, but my position has always been three exceptions: rape, incest and the life of the mother."

### Holocaust denier, continued from page three

Holocaust from Hitler "bogus," but later wrote that Irving seemed – at an earlier trial in which he was unsuccessfully suing for libel – to have an "all-consuming knowledge of a vast body of material." Similarly, Gordon Craig thought that Irving's view of Auschwitz was "obtuse and quickly discredited" but that his work in general was "the best study ... of the German side" of the war.

## Primary Sources

### Letter from Alito to Dobson

When he appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee last February during his Supreme Court confirmation hearings, Samuel Alito repeatedly assured the American public that, if confirmed, he would not be beholden to fundamentalist religion. Alito's supporters attacked those who doubted these assertions for being intolerant and against religion itself. Now, several months later, as Alito begins to warm into his seat on the Court, the truth has come out: last week on his radio show, James Dobson, leader of a fundamentalist group called Focus on the Family, read aloud a thank you letter he received from Justice Alito. The letter, which appears below, is gushing in its praise of Dr. Dobson and his support of Alito during the hearings. Dobson is no ordinary fundamentalist. He's perhaps most famous for arguing that same-sex marriage would lead to marriage "between daddies and little girls...between a man and his donkey." He has also compared those who support embryonic stem cell research to Nazis. And now one of his best friends is on the Supreme Court.

Dear Dr. Dobson:

*This is just a short note to express my heartfelt thanks to you and the entire staff of Focus on the Family for your help and support during the past few challenging months.*

*I would also greatly appreciate it if you would convey my appreciation to the good people from all parts of the country who wrote to tell me that they were praying for me and for my family during this period.*

*As I said when I spoke at my formal investiture at the White House last week, the prayers of so many people from around the country were a palpable and powerful force.*

*As long as I serve on the Supreme Court I will keep in mind the trust that has been placed in me.*

*I hope that we'll have the opportunity to meet personally at some point in the future.*

*In the meantime my entire family and I hope that you and the Focus on the Family staff know how we appreciate all that you have done.*

Sincerely yours,  
Samuel Alito

### GURTs, continued from page 3

tries tend to buy seeds for planting each season and so plants that produce sterile seeds would have less impact."

Some opponents of the policy change, like Pete Reilly of GM Freeze, a British not-for-profit organization working in part to "stop the patenting of genetic resources for food and farm crops," say Defra's rationale hides a more self-serving underlying purpose. This weekend Reilly was quoted by the Sunday Herald, saying, "[The Government] has clearly decided that the interests of the biotech companies come ahead of the millions of people who rely on farm-saved seeds for their livelihoods and food supply." Other opponents point to the fact that even developed countries, such as Scotland, are home to farmers who rely on their own seed lines to maintain their cost-profit equilibrium.

As it now reads, Britain's stance on GURTs is that "decisions on applications to market Genetically Modified Organisms (GMOs) are made on a case-by-case basis taking full account of a scientific assessment of the particular GMO and the risks associated with its use against the criteria in the EU legislation. An application for a GMO incorporating GURTs would be dealt with in the same way as any other GMO."

Later this month the CBD will be reconvening in Brazil to assess, among other things, the current ban on GURTs. According to Defra's website, "The UK position at the meeting will take full account of information provided in relevant reports, as well as the EU's own regulatory regime which requires that no GM seed may be marketed in the EU unless it has been specifically approved by the Member States."

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March 7, 2006

# My Eleven-Minute Trip Through Hell

BY TOM HOUSEMAN

As a film aficionado, I will be the first to admit that I am a huge fan of lowbrow humor. As much as I love powerful emotional dramas, so too do I have a soft spot for fart jokes, foul language, and grotesque sexual humor. I love many films that rely on sophomoric comedy, including *Baseketball*, *Anchorman*, and *Zoolander*. I also love spoof films, including such hilarious flicks as *Airplane*, *Hot Shots*, and *Not Another Teen Movie*. I would not define a single movie I just mentioned as being a good movie, but each of them tickles my funny bone in just the right way.

So when I heard about *Date Movie*, a film advertised as being "from two of the six writers of *Scary Movie*," I got excited. It seemed like it would be just the right combination of pop cinema satire and raunchy humor that would rev my engine. Add to that the fact that it starred Alyson Hannigan, whom I remember fondly from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, as well as being the band camp girl in *American Pie*, and this was a movie I was definitely going to see.

Do not make the same mistake I did, friends, I implore you. *Date Movie* might be one of the worst movies I have ever seen. The only reason I say it isn't definitely the worst, is because I feel I haven't seen enough of it to make a judgment. I have a rule that you must see at least half of a movie to make a qualified decision about it, and while *Date Movie* ran a mere eighty minutes, I could only make it through approximately eleven minutes before I chose to leave. That's right, I watched the opening sequence, one more scene, and then walked out during the middle of the one after that. I could not bear the pain of the deeply unfunny film that was *Date Movie*.

While I cannot tell you much of what the film is about, I will fill you in on what I know. *Date Movie* is the story of Julia Jones, a woman who is both depressed and fat. Julia is played by the normally adorable Alyson Hannigan (why have you forsaken me, Alyson?!), who dons a fat suit for the role, proving once again just how funny Hollywood thinks fat women are. The film opens with a dream sequence in which Julia gets rejected at the alter by an exaggeration of Napoleon Dynamite. You may chuckle at this scene, as I did, because you get the reference to *Napoleon Dynamite*, but simultaneously you will realize that just because you reference a movie doesn't mean you are actually making fun of it. That is what *Date Movie*, at least in its first eleven minutes, did: referenced other movies without actually being funny.

After another mildly funny reference, this time to *Bridget Jones's Diary*, the film launches the single worst scene ever put on film. Alyson Hannigan (still in a fat suit, remember) dances around the street to Kelis' Milkshake, attempting to attract the men around her. However, most of them are so disgusted by her (any woman who is fat and unattractive is a comedy goldmine) that they throw up;

one man even shoots himself rather than look at her—isn't that uproariously funny? This scene, unfunny from the start, drags on far too long, just getting worse and worse with each passing second. Really, it's just awful.

Things do not get worse from there, because nothing could, but they also do not get better. The next scene is a reference to *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, but it just isn't funny at all. The reason spoof movies work is because they make fun of movies that take themselves seriously, with a prime example of this being *Hot Shots*. *Hot Shots* was a hilarious spoof of *Top Gun*, a movie that took itself far too seriously. However, *Date Movie* makes fun of comedies, which doesn't make for good spoof material, especially because the movies it spoofs are far funnier than it could ever hope to be.

Shortly into the next scene, I just couldn't take it anymore. Julia goes to see a "date doctor" named Hitch. For those of you who have been living under a rock for the last year, this is a reference to the movie *Hitch*. Yes, we get the reference, and yes the "date doctor" in this movie is a midget, and yes we understand that he thinks he can't help her get a date because she's fat and everyone hates fat women and that's supposed to be hilarious. The scene continued with more jokes about her being fat and him being short and the whole thing being a reference to *Hitch*, and I was afraid that everyone could hear my soul screaming at me to leave the theatre. Well, I didn't want my soul to ruin the movie for everyone else, because the movie was taking care of that for me, so I finally left. Since making that decision I have not regretted it for a second. My only lament is that I did not leave sooner, or even realize my mistake before I made it so that I wouldn't waste my money on this horrible piece of filth.



www.datemovieisbemoaning.com

The first half of the year has never been a good one for movies. In the wake of Oscar season, and before the onslaught of summer blockbusters, production companies are trying to get rid of all the slop that they know is mediocre at best. The first movie I saw this year was the thriller *Firewall*, which was about as thrilling as watching molasses harden. But *Date Movie* has marked a new low in Hollywood history. It goes beyond any other painfully unfunny and offensive piece of crap that has been shown in a theatre. Until we can teach Hollywood the lesson that we will not shell out our cash for their shit, then they will think that they can put their shit in theatres and make money off of it. Do not, as I did, prove them right... unless you think that fat women are hysterically funny and you still laugh whenever you so much as hear the words "Napoleon Dynamite," in which case go nuts, see *Date Movie*, and die a little bit inside.

# Just Say Yes to the Yeah Yeah Yeahs

BY OMER SHAH

"I love the internet/I hate the internet" is the working title of a memoir I'm writing. Basically, I think the internet is ruining rock and roll. Or maybe it's not the internet, maybe it's the "New York scene," whatever that means. Regardless, being on the internet at the right moment to snag tickets for the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' club dates at the 200-person-capacity Maxwell's in Hoboken, New Jersey and the 1000-person-capacity Bowery Ballroom in Manhattan = I love the internet. However, the shows, for the most part, left me confirming, "I hate the internet."

I'm going to stop complaining for the moment, though. The Yeah Yeah Yeahs are returning in 2006 with their sophomore release, *Show Your Bones*. Upon my first encounter with the album, via their single "Gold Lion," I was largely apprehensive about what the rest of the record would sound like. "Gold Lion" is Karen O a la Tegan and Sara, which is problematic because I already pretend that I don't love Tegan and Sara, and I don't need the Yeah Yeah Yeahs to sound like them. These opening shows in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles were designed to showcase the new album for their fans. However, the shows in New York didn't seem to have a lot of their fans in attendance, just an assortment of bloggers, famous people, Gideon

Yagos, and other assorted New York trash. The good news was the new songs were fantastic, and Karen O is still pretty badass.

Maxwell's might be one of my favorite venues to see a show ever, almost cinematic in that early 90s *My So Called Life* sort of way—or maybe it's not cinematic or like the early 90s, it's just New Jersey and you can smoke inside, and beer was like two and half dollars. As people were crowding around the Maxwell's stage I realized that there were a lot of dudes, and when I say dudes, I mean thirty year-old dudes with large cameras. I was getting less and less excited about the show. To my left there was this blogger and two other bozos wondering what was up with chicks and 80s music, and I quote: "Like, listening to the Smiths is cool, but like Wang Chung?" I was pretty excited to be surrounded by such discerning idiots.

Blood on the Wall opened the show and played a really awesome set. They reminded me a lot of the Pixies, except less obvious. Soon after, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs were escorted through the crowd (Maxwell's doesn't have a backstage) to the stage. Karen O was wearing something ridiculous and warned the crowd that the group had the right to fuck up because it was their first show in over a year, and that they would be playing 90 percent new material. They opened with a new song, "Turn Into," which is a light pop song with acoustic guitars from their new touring member, Imaad Wasif. "Gold Lion" had the crowd dancing and singing along. "Honey

Bear" is a new track that fits more typically into the YYYs' catalogue. "Phenomena," despite its corny high school pep rally lyric ("Something like a phenomena, baby") has a sexy guitar line and was really fun live. As they launched yet another notable new song, "The Sweets," Karen O, speaking to our rowdiness, warned us that we were going to hate this song because it started out slow, "but then you're going to love it." The following song off *Show Your Bones*, "Cheated Hearts," is one the group has been playing since their *Fever to Tell* days, but it is finally finding its place on an album this March. The song is pop perfection. Karen laughs to her own lyrics, "And I'm taking, taking, taking it off, and he's taking, taking, taking it off," as she slides the top of her dress down a little. Finally affirming herself in a bit of selfish, however badass lyricism, "Sometimes I think that I'm bigger than the sound!" Between the heavy slew of new tracks, the group kept energy high with a selection of old tracks. We saw Karen deep-throat her microphone during "Art Star" and "Miles Away," both off of their debut EP. The group also played an acoustic version of "Maps," which Karen said they would never do again. An encore break saw the group returning for two tracks off *Fever to Tell*, "Modern Romance" and "Tick." The YYYs left Maxwell's a big ball of sweat and left us wanting so much more. I met Johnny Knoxville on our way out of the venue. I told him I was a big fan. I'm such a liar.

The following shows at the Bowery



www.yeahyeahyeahs.com

Ballroom were less exciting. Not that the band didn't play better than they did at Maxwell's, because they did. There were just a lot of dopes standing around the whole time. However, part of it might be due to the fact that they were playing mostly new material. Perhaps the biggest downfall of these show was that there weren't many fans present: as with a lot of New York shows, it's about being able to get in. As guitarist/photographer/former Bard student Nick Zinner blogged, "We rock onstage, but unfortunately the crowd is stiff as nails, with heavy-duty lead in their shoes. The Bloggers in the front row keep their arms crossed for the whole show even though we are playing our bleeding hearts out, and sweating gallons. We're trying out mostly new material for the very first time which could explain the collective reservation, but both the Maxwell's Show and a few older songs disprove this theory. It's interesting how a crowd is always unpredictable up until the actual moment of the show, and there is always a unifying factor that spreads through the room like a bad case of herpes." STD similes and all, Zinner is on-point.

The Yeah Yeah Yeahs release *Show Your Bones* on March 21. The new album is really strong. It's without a doubt nothing like *Fever to Tell*. They also have a full-scale tour kicking off in much bigger venues at the beginning of April, taking them all the way to a pretty big slot at the Coachella Festival, then closing the tour back in New York at the Roseland Ballroom in May.



# Iannis Xenakis: *La Legende d'Eer*

BY DAVID GUTKIN

Iannis Xenakis:  
*The Electronic Works 1: La Legende d'Eer*.  
Mode Records

"Music is not a language. Any musical piece is akin to a boulder with complex forms, with striations and engraved designs atop and within, which men can decipher in a thousand different ways without ever finding the right answer or the best one..." -Iannis Xenakis (from the liner notes)

Mode Record's recent release is a digitally remixed version of Iannis Xenakis' classic electroacoustic composition, *La Legende d'Eer*. Consisting of electronic and pre-recorded sounds processed through a computer, the work was originally presented as a multi-media spectacle involving lights and text at the Georges-Pompidou Centre in Paris (now home to Pierre Boulez's electronic music facility, IRCAM). Xenakis, an architect as well as composer, designed a portable structure to house the show of sound, lights, and text. However, no video was ever taken, and the plans are now lost. Fortunately a recording of the music survives. As well as the CD, Mode has released a DVD version that includes still photographs documenting the work, and an interview with Xenakis.

When approaching Xenakis' music, I find it helpful to consider his descriptive language, heavy on spatial and physical metaphor. A composition can be a "boulder." Clusters of tones, arranged according to stochastic principles, become "clouds" and "galaxies." Glissandi may be vegetal "dendritic curves." Such analogies strike me as more than simply superfluous poetics. Rather, they reflect Xenakis' approach to the issue of reconciling stasis and plasticity with temporal motion in music, and, although metaphorical, contribute to the determination of compositional structure.

*La Legende d'Eer* is a convincing example of implied static, and even physical structure, achieved through extremely slow development. Beginning with what Xenakis calls "sonorous shooting stars," gently shimmering high-pitched electronic sounds play through seven separate tracks. The texture is, after two and a half minutes, energized with the entrance of an irregularly pulsed pitch. Gradually, a blurred polyphony of high electronic noises emerges.

From this point onwards, until the last fourteen minutes, and excepting a slight decrease in motion around 6'30", the work is a consistently busy, slowly accumulating mass of pure electronic and altered recorded sounds. Especially beautiful is Xenakis' use of an electronically transformed guimbarde (Jew's harp). The guimbarde is interwoven with indescribable electronic noises and other recorded sounds, including Tzuzumis (Japanese drums) and cardboard rubbed together. Around 25'30", frenzied electronics begin to dominate.

A return of the guimbarde at 33' 07" initiates a process of waning energy, eventually ending with sounds similar, but not identical to, the opening "shooting stars." Of course, a long work ending with a recapitulation of its opening, or a variation on it, is traditional procedure (sonata first movement form, for example). However, the particular way Xenakis achieves this is both original and significant. Through a remarkably slow and seamless process of sounding evolution, and the subsequent return to an origin, *La Legende d'Eer* evokes a curved trajectory, doubling back on itself. Yet strangely, because of the difference (largely timbral) between beginning and end, there is a sense of spatial displacement at the moment of return. It is as if the work has overcome its linear and temporal necessity in order to achieve a three-dimensional plastic status, as an object, or a line tracing an object in space. *La Legende d'Eer* is a fascinating work, and Mode Records does it a great service with this release.

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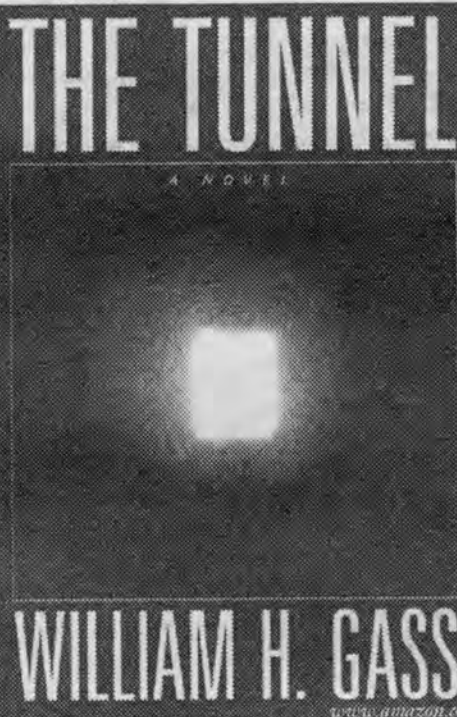
William Gass  
on Tape, and  
in Person

BY LEN GUTKIN

On Wednesday, February 22, the novelist William Gass appeared at Manhattan's Housing Works Used Books Cafe to discuss and play cuts from the upcoming audiobook of his massive novel *The Tunnel*. The audiobook is read by Gass himself, and presents the novel unabridged, filling fully three discs—forty-five hours—with mp3 files. It is the eighty-two year-old author's first such venture, and, in a market in which books-on-tape are usually just another symptom of literary culture's general dumbing-down, deserves to be heralded as a genuine artistic achievement, ranked alongside the famous recordings T.S. Eliot made of *The Four Quartets* and *Prufrock*. Indeed, Gass' purpose here is not to make his magnum opus more manageable by reducing it to a commodity you can pop in the car stereo each morning on the way to work; rather, his nuanced and beautiful reading highlights the elegant complexity of his syntax and method and compels the reader to spend more, not less, time with the text itself. Reading along with the audiotext brings out shades of the Gassian sentence that a silent, unaccompanied browse might miss; listening without reading exposes the listener to the musical logic of the storyteller's words with the kind of precision the page can never manage: the aural developed through the oral.

*The Tunnel*—the print version—was published in 1995, the product of three decades of composition. It is the first-person account of one William Kohler, a middle-aged professor of history at an unnamed Midwestern university whose small reputation rests upon his apparent sympathy for the Nazis. Having just finished his life's work, an historical exploration entitled *Guilt and Innocence in Hitler's Germany*, Kohler sits down to pen an introduction, but finds himself instead writing something like an auto-

biography, the pages of which he hides inside the pages of his manuscript. Many critics, responding to Kohler's Nazism, have referred to him as a "monster," but it is impossible to tell how seriously to take his perverse Nazi posturing. *The Tunnel*'s risqué appeal lies not only in the lushness of its language but in the way Kohler, in spite of or perhaps because of his cartoonish prejudices and incessant bitching, has a certain lovely loser's magnetism. He is a kind of everyman of overblown complaint, and even when his problems have no substance whatsoever one cannot but admire the energy with which they are voiced. And behind it all—behind his broken marriage and his broken heart, his flagging career and his lousy childhood at the hands of his drunken mother and his verbally abusive father—lies his obsession with the Germany that produced the Second World War and the Holocaust.



Indeed, the novel's central ambiguity is Kohler's relationship with the Holocaust. Images of slaughtered Jews pervade his consciousness; the names of death camps appear in his metaphors at an alarming rate; and even his love for a villainous Nazi chanteuse named Susu, who he claims feasted on the severed thumbs of the Jews, is complicated by her eventual murder at the hands of the Nazis. Every petty domestic insult becomes, for Kohler, ripe material for a comparison with Nazi horror, and although he produces a rhetoric of anti-

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Semitism to make Goebbels proud, his attitude towards the Germans is never one of unadulterated admiration. The series of interconnections Kohler forges between his comfortable bourgeois life as a professor and his morbid preoccupation with the Holocaust results in an intricate and brilliantly woven fabric of madness far too complex to analyze in the space available here. Suffice it to say that Gass has raised his much-remarked ability to synthesize the "high" with the "low"—e.g., metaphysical speculation considered in light of the grossest functions of the body—to an ultimate pinnacle. The loftiest and most beautiful language, the most learned philosophical and historical theorizing, here accompany not only the pettiest variety of personal complaint but also the diseased nadir of Nazi genocide. In a strange way, then, *The Tunnel* is Gass' answer to the clichéd question: how could a people as civilized, brilliant, artistic, and philosophical as the Germans have perpetrated the crimes of the Nazis? Kohler's answer: because even the most sensitive souls are petty and mean down to their toes, because every man is a potential member of Kohler's "Party of the Disappointed People" (a satirical sendup of the NDSP), because in everyone's childhood there's enough pain to produce a genocide....

Kohler's misanthropic meditations lend themselves well to being read aloud, not only because they are short on dialogue but because they present, essentially, a man talking obsessively to himself. Hearing Gass read the ranting of his intensely interior creation is seductive and hypnotic: the listener enters the dangerous region of Kohler's mind with surprisingly slim resistance, borne along on the rhythm of the words like a boat brought steadily but smoothly to the sudden edge of a waterfall. Indeed, a text that can sometimes seem maddeningly dense in print becomes, through Gass' voice, all too easy to lose oneself in.

The audiobook of *The Tunnel* won't be available for a couple months. You can order it now from the Dalkey Archive Press by visiting their website at [www.dalkeyarchive.com](http://www.dalkeyarchive.com). To hear a sample of Gass' reading, or to see excerpts from the novel, check out the website for Bard's own Conjunctions: go to [www.conjunctions.com](http://www.conjunctions.com) and click on "Audio Vault."



# Casey's Deconstruction The Web Clip Epidemic

BY HENRY CASEY

Holden (Ben Affleck): *If the buzz is any indicator, that movie's gonna make some huge bank.*

Jay (Jason Mewes): *What buzz?*

Holden: *The Internet buzz.*

Jay: *What the fuck is the Internet?*

Holden: *The Internet is a communication tool used the world over where people can come together to bitch about movies and share pornography with one another.*

- *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*

Nothing, it seems, can travel as fast as Internet hype. Hype for a video clip on the 'net' can travel faster than Superman after he smoked some of that Tivoli crack. These clips gain more publicity on the Internet than they ever could have on television (not that VH1's new show *Web Junk 20*, which focuses on the kind of clips this article will be about, won't try to give it to them). There are quite a few ways you can find that hot video of the moment: Yahoo and Google both have video search engines, which index a lot of Internet clips. You might have heard about "Shining Redux," (located at [www.ps260.com/molly/SHINING%20FINAL.mov](http://www.ps260.com/molly/SHINING%20FINAL.mov)) a veritable remix of the Kubrick film, which takes the classic horror movie and makes it look like a charming romantic comedy complete with a song by Peter Gabriel. The video got so popular that it's maker was profiled in the *New York Times*, and the video was played on CNN.

Take for example, "Lazy Sunday" A.K.A. "The Chronic-What!-cles of Narnia": the most overrated piece of bandwidth hogging garbage ever. First shown on SNL on December 17, 2005 during the Jack Black/Neil Young episode, "Lazy Sunday" features SNL regular Chris Parnell and new cast member Andy Samberg rapping about going to the movies. The show aired right at the nadir of SNL's current run. The previous episode, which featured Dane Cook and James Blunt, is noted as the worst episode of all time. Cook did a worse job hosting than both Andy Roddick and Michael Jordan. The Jack Black episode, in comparison, is pretty funny, but it's weird that people latched onto "Lazy Sunday" over any of the other sketches. The sketch itself has a couple worthwhile jokes, but a completely overdone premise. White people rapping angrily about meaningless shit is really funny! Right? High Five! And as a Bard Student who has seen the Olde English "Down The Street," sketch more than enough times, the song felt less original than that new Famous Original Ray's Pizza in Times Square.

The reason why the skit got popular was that NBC dubbed it a "Digital Short," and instantly put it on iTunes for a temporarily free download. People want reasons to like SNL, reasons to say it's getting better, and since "Lazy Sunday" was a little funny and a little relevant to pop culture, bloggers just started shitting links to the video as fast as they could. Andy Samberg was quickly named the savior of SNL, he was like Jesus (or to a greater extent, Kanye West). The clip made its rounds on the Internet and was even posted on the video clip mega-site YouTube.com.

NBC eventually decided that only they should be allowed to host SNL footage, and sent a cease and desist to YouTube, telling them that "Lazy Sunday" was their intellectual property and continuing to share it on the world wide web without NBC's approval would cause some bad men in big suits to take every penny that the rising website could ever hope to make. Sadly, NBC did not act fast enough (not that I agree with their move to privatize sketches), as the "Lazy Sunday" pandemic had grown too large. On the upside, now that YouTube.com has purged the damn video, people can focus on the better content the site hosts, like videos to classic tracks, including Ghostface's "Cherchez La Ghost" (at [www.youtube.com/watch?v=jA0cFb9Dz3s&search=velez](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jA0cFb9Dz3s&search=velez)) and this hilarious video of some kid who forgot to take his pills and thought it would be good to do his own rendition of the dance routine from the Ne-Yo video "So Sick" (located at [youtube.com/watch?v=sBNB4xc1jwA&search=ne-yo](http://youtube.com/watch?v=sBNB4xc1jwA&search=ne-yo)).

YouTube.com is also a great resource for fans of sports that aren't exactly mainstream, but have large cult followings. My friend Eric Dawson told me about people who put fights from PRIDE Fighting Championships, a mixed martial arts organization based in Japan, on YouTube. This is very useful for the fans in the US, as PRIDE Pay Per Views can be obscenely expensive, racking up a price of 30 to 45 dollars per event. Every fight from their most recent event PRIDE 31, which aired on February 26, is on YouTube, and can be found as easy as searching "PRIDE 31" on The YouTube site. If you want to see a really short fight, Pedro Rizzo vs Roman Zentsov clocked in at around 15 seconds. I myself am not that knowledgeable about PRIDE Fighting Championships, but the



*Were it not for overexcitable  
'net freaks, "Lazy Sunday" would have  
quickly been forgotten*

match is hilarious.

So next time you hear about some really funny video on the Internet, click away, but judge for yourself before you add to the chatter. I really wouldn't be able to take it if I heard the guys down the hall screaming along to some new dumb SNL sketch again.

# Don't Get Your Panties in a Bunch over GTA

BY NOAH WESTON

If you find a good whipping boy, you inevitably seem to find any excuse to wallop the shit out of him. This principle governs video game criticism in America, with the prime criteria for punishment being conspicuousness and popularity. Recall a time when moralizing politicians and other blowhards bent *DOOM* over their knee for a sound thrashing. The game and its sequels' explosive success made it a broad target. Pundits called the game a "murder simulator," the reason why Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold gunned down their classmates. In truth, though, those boys had a host of psychological problems that moved them to violence sooner and more influentially than any fervent key-mashing ever could. *DOOM* was hardly a stark representation of realistic homicide. You played as a marine fighting for his life against demons and aliens. To me, that sounds like a right-wing Christian wet-dream, if such a phenomenon is possible for people who loathe non-procreative sex.

Nowadays, those who make non-procreative sex their business, i.e. prostitutes, have their own whipping boy, and his ass is already mighty sore. The Sex Workers Outreach Project USA has called for a boycott of *Grand Theft Auto*, as it allegedly "accrues points to players for the depiction of the rape and murder of prostitutes," encouraging or creating a tolerance for those acts in real life. In the *GTA* games, players can easily approach a hooker, draw her into his car, drive to an isolated place where they have sex, and then murder her in a manner one could only call cartoonishly repulsive. For this terrible deed, he stands to gain virtual money, virtual points, and virtual stature. I might wince in disgust at this simulated crime, if it constituted the primary substance of the game, or even a meaningful tangent, but in games as massively multifaceted as *Grand Theft Auto*, one never has to kill a single prostitute, nor even receives great incentive to do so, in order to get the most out of their experience. In short, these ho's got it twisted.

The scope of these games alone exposes the dishonesty in the SWOP's argument. If one played with the intention of winning (you know, like it's a game), rather than trying to search for outrageous depravity, she would find that the prostitute in *Grand Theft Auto* plays an incredibly minor role, a mere, diseased twinkle in a constellation of vice. In trying to do everything from trafficking drugs, to stoking mafia wars, and robbing casinos, the average *Grand Theft Auto* player has barely enough time to eat, let alone get up in them drawers. Factoring in the time it takes to solicit a woman, drive to a quiet corner of town, fornicate, and kill her if you're that pathetic, it

becomes apparent that murdering prostitutes offers no worthwhile net benefit to gamers. Yet, the SWOP would lead you to think that the game should be renamed *Indiscriminate Prostitute Execution Challenge* (lacks punch, doesn't it?). Noble as their motives may be, they have clearly not done a responsible examination of the games' content.

The SWOP's charge fails given not just the variety of *Grand Theft Auto*, but also in how these games treat the act of killing itself. No one is safe in the game. Friends, enemies, strangers, family, hookers, pimps, cops, Elvis impersonators, and anyone else in between can be killed at the player's discretion, with wildly varying benefits, but nothing that encourages gamers particularly toward assailing prostitutes sooner than any other group in the game's population. The most recent game in the series, *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*, demands you kill police officers, gang rivals, pimps, drug dealers, government agents, soldiers, and even tourists, but never prostitutes. Not a one. So, then why on Earth does SWOP paint the game as the some kind of digital murder campaign against sex workers? Perhaps they do so because they never played the motherfucker.



One could not play *Grand Theft Auto* and reasonably come to the SWOP's conclusions, unless they only played to strictly find prostitutes to kill or rape. One must note, though, that players cannot rape prostitutes in *Grand Theft Auto*, or anyone else for that matter. All of the sex to which the game alludes is absolutely consensual, and in some non-prostitute cases, preceded by several dates in which you have to impress a woman. Luckily, even this element only constitutes a peripheral sliver of the game, but decisively demonstrates that the SWOP has made no meaningful effort to corroborate their assertions through game play. If they had gone to the trouble of simply playing the game, as its designers intended, they would realize that what ultimately shields *Grand Theft Auto* from any of their, and similar criticisms, is its freedom.

Unlike any other console game before it, *Grand Theft Auto* endows players with ethical choice that has actual impacts within the game. If for instance, one kills a prostitute, she may "accrue points," but she also will attract police attention. Upon killing a police officer, the player attracts even more attention, until either she wards off the heat, gets arrested, or dies. Regardless of the abhorrent act, *Grand Theft Auto* offers consequences. Some of them may not be so severe, but in the end, sex worker advocates have plenty of reasons to worry, and video games rate somewhere between broken high heels and the cost of dental dams. If you really want to make a difference in the lives of prostitutes, support a strong social welfare agenda, and leave my murder simulators alone.



March 7, 2006

## Hot Dog... or Not Dog?

BY MICHAEL J. RUBIN

Observer Pick of the Week:  
Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti  
*House Arrest*  
Paw Tracks—January 24, 2006

With his satisfyingly cynical sabotage of 70s-influenced pop songs, Ariel Pink is a refreshing, but bizarre, look at melodic approaches that have been so commercialized and commodified in our culture that they have lost any of the true sentiment that they once sought to capture. His ground floor lo-fi recordings capture an irony in their obvious fabrication of yesterday's culture that is so rampant today in popular music.



Ariel Pink may not be as brilliant as I think he is, but his approach makes even disjointed tracks like "Interesting Results" play off minimal melodic cohesion with a commentary on the medium. Aside from the opening "Hardcores Pops Are Fun," Ariel Pink shows he can be fucking crazy with tracks like "Every Night I Die

At Miyagi's." In addition to his healthy dose of irony, it's important to realize his genuine songwriting skill and ability to construct somewhat familiar pop gems like "West Coast Calamities" and "Alisa." The album is a bit lengthy, however. It plays like an 80s FM radio left on for too long, capturing novelty in strangely honest wit. Recommended to fans of label-mates Animal Collective or, in truth, anyone who's enjoyed old pop music.

Pink Mountaintops  
*Axis of Evil*  
Jagjaguwar—March 7, 2006  
[www.jagjaguwar.com](http://www.jagjaguwar.com)



In a world where music is an industry, where a band's image (or anti-image) more often determines their success than does their actual music, a man like Stephen McBean might play into a more personal superficial musical preference of mine. I speak, of course, of the *ob-scene-ly* bearded folk rockers. From Will Oldham to Devendra Banhart, the modern scraggly beard is fast becoming identified with a sort of sub-genre, based on a sound that often echoes a common appearance.

McBean does not seem to be trying as hard to be crunchy or authentically sub-culture in the spirit of Oldham. Rather he seems comfortable limiting himself to a kind of droning, stoned, almost roots-rock chant, recalling the oft-annoyingly repetitive droning of some of the Doors-era anthems. Track four, "Slaves," provides a climax to the drugged-out, conflicted first half of the album, including track two, "Cold Criminal," one of the album's highlights. The second half of the album gives way to more redemptive folk-ballads about Jesus and other sub-

jects—subjects merited by McBean's low and somewhat brooding voice. Fans of (Smog's) more upbeat albums may enjoy this, though PM is less abstract lyrically and much more stereotypically southern. Pink Mountaintops will be supporting the Flaming Lips at Webster Hall at the end of March.

Casiotone For The Painfully Alone  
*Etiquette*  
Tomlab—March 7, 2006



[www.photobucket.com](http://www.photobucket.com)

I know what you're thinking after reading the band's name. I'd like to say that a band with a name like Casiotone's wouldn't take itself too seriously. Unfortunately, that is not always the case with this album, particularly the first half. Minor chords, as you might have expected, dominate, along with lyrics that are often painfully fucking stupid.

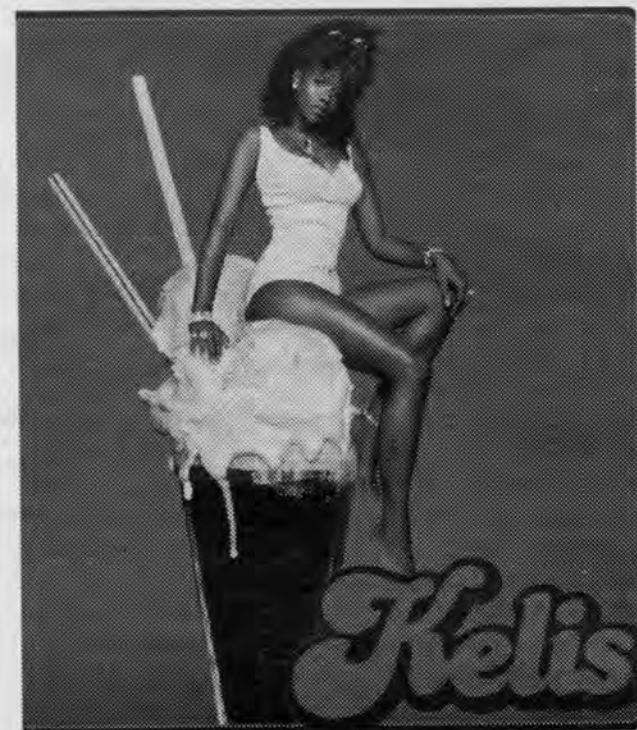
The album opens with as-advertised sulky electronic numbers clearly targeted at a teenage audience, with "New Year's Kiss" through "I Love Creedence." After that, the album takes a significant turn. The album's three best tracks come consecutively: "Holly Hobby," "Cold White Christmas," and "Bobby Malone Moves Home" all contain excellent electronic with simple pounding casiotone synth. These tracks feature pleasing repetitive piano beats and brooding pop hooks, the best elements of Casiotone. Recommended for fans of Broadcast and also those who can stomach an interesting breed of electronic indie pop. Casiotone will be playing at the Cake Shop in Manhattan on March 21 and the GlassHouse in Brooklyn on March 22.

## Kelis is Hot, but Britney's Boy is Not

BY NICHOLAS UGBODE

Her proverbial "Milkshake" brought the boys to the yard in 2004, and this spring Kelis is back with her fourth album. The first single from the album titled *Kelis Was Here* is "Bossy," featuring rapper Too \$hort. The single is already hitting radio airwaves and is also circulating on the Internet, but the album itself isn't due out until later this spring. Originally titled *The Puppeteer*, the album name was changed later in its evolution in order to better fit the artist's vision of what the album should essentially be.

Getting right down to business: what the hell does the song sound like, and is it worth listening to?



Basically the answer is: yes! The track "Bossy," although not an instant smash-hit like "Milkshake," has definitely got potential. The best features of the song are embedded within the lyrics and are complimented by the subtleties of the beats, so one has to really give the song a chance to impress. I must say right off the bat that the lyrics are fun and interesting, and we shouldn't expect less of Kelis. This song isn't as overtly 'sexual' as her better known songs like "In Public" and "Keep it Down," but it's definitely a great song.

"Bossy" starts off with a very plucky and jive-like beat with a brief spoken introduction by Kelis. Then the base kicks in and the song really kicks off. The chorus of the song is really something to watch out for because its very impressive in the way the melody conforms to it, and the lyrics are worth catching. She sings, "Diamonds on my neck, di-diamonds on my grill/Diamonds on my neck, di-diamonds on my grill?/I'm bossy, I'm the first girl to scream on a track...that's right I brought all the boys to the yard/And that's right, I'm the one that's tattooed on his arm/I'm bossy."

The section that's most fun to listen to, I guess, is the very beginning of the chorus. The chant about diamonds and grills is a little incredible in the way the beat stops and starts up again in a tinkering manner, making it a very danceable track.

While this single features Too \$hort, and the album also inevitably features Nas, *Kelis Was Here* is essentially a very solo effort. Corey Moss of MTV quotes Kelis as saying, "I'm a solo artist, and I do solo albums, I always have a few special people, but generally it's just a lot of me." And this sentiment rings true here, as the aforementioned two artists are the only ones said to appear on the new album. *Kelis Was Here* was produced by Scott Storch, Max Martin (Britney Spears), and Raphael Saadiq, and hits stores very soon. For more information visit [www.kelisonline.com](http://www.kelisonline.com) or since everyone and their momma has a myspace account now, visit her at [www.myspace.com/kelis](http://www.myspace.com/kelis).

In the spirit of commenting on new singles out there in the record industry, I feel it's worth mentioning a

single that's just gaining momentum, "PopoZao." What? You might ask. That is indeed the title of Kevin Federline's new hip-hop single, yes, hip-hop. For those who may not know, Kevin is Britney Spears' husband and apparently, he is ready to strike out on his own. His "rap" album, title pending, is due out this spring. The first single is doing inordinately well in cyberspace and one really does have to wonder, can the world handle another white rapper? Fortunately, time will tell.



"PopoZao," is a Portuguese word, meaning "big butt" or "fat ass" if you will. The track itself is very gritty, much like I would expect of the entire album. It features some kind of flute and whistle meant to evoke, I guess, a traditional Portuguese style, which Federline desperately hopes will propel this song to reach "hit single" status (or at least make the charts). I'm quite ambivalent about the track and the idea of his rap career in general. The beat is obviously very nice, but nowadays a blind monkey could walk into a record studio and walk out with a fresh and mind-blowing beat (thanks to record producers). The real work comes when you have to insert the lyrics, and on that level I found the track a little repetitive and desperate in its attempt to reach a certain demographic. Ultimately it might be successful and it isn't exactly a chore to listen to, but I'd be a little weary of Federline as an artist; he might be a hit or he might be total shit.



## Better Living Through Transportation

Bard's public transit network is a particularly salient victim of the systemic anemia afflicting the school's public utilities. There's no reason for the usage of campus transportation to be an arduous task. Were some basic common sense solutions implemented, it wouldn't have to be. What problems are we talking about specifically? For one thing, there are no weekday shuttles available between 3 and 6 PM. While we understand that both unions and morality speak to the need for a driver rest period, we must ask if some other time table can be agreed upon, as the one currently in existence makes traveling difficult for many, many students. For example, students who are musicians and who live on the wrong end of the campus must lug their equipment seemingly halfway across the state just to get to class. It's no surprise that several students this semester have moved out of Robbins and Manor because getting around campus from those locations was proving to be impossible for them.

The size of this year's first-year class hasn't exactly eased the transportation burden. Bus after bus is packed to the brim. We can only imagine the horror that carless claustrophobics are forced to endure on Friday or Saturday nights, when scores of Bardians flee for the greener pastures of Tivoli and Red Hook. And then, even on those nights, the shuttles stop running relatively early. In the interest of safety—so as to minimize drunk-driving—the school should seriously consider adding an additional, “red eye” shuttle, set to run at 3 or 4 AM.

Before making any changes beyond that, however, the college should survey its students and track the shuttle traffic. What times do students want to see shuttles run? What shuttle times now are generally underutilized? At what times is the legal weight capacity on the buses almost exceeded? Perhaps adding a shuttle between 3 and 6 makes sense; perhaps, after a careful survey, students will prefer some other arrangement. Whatever the solution is, the means to achieving it is staring us all straight in the face: ask the students what they want, and objectively measure the efficacy of the current schedule.

—THE EDITORS

## Life, Liberty, Property, and Everything Implied

BY JESSE MYERSON AND NOAH WESTON

As kids, we used to make shit up all the time. Jesse, for instance, insisted to his kindergarten friends that not only did he own an actual Hungry, Hungry Hippo, but that he had fathered it himself. Noah, meanwhile, told his parents that contrary to what they assumed, toilet submersion was the only safe way to clean his sister's toothbrush. However, as weeks turned to months and months to maturity, this tendency toward the fantastic dissolved like so many Alka-Seltzer tablets in the cup of years gone by. Unfortunately, some of our contemporaries have retained this proclivity, even adapting it for the purposes of serious political discourse. The result is dubious in its seriousness, bewildering in its politics, and poisonous for discourse.

In Rob Ross' most recent treatise, “Rightspeak,” we learn that liberals, ideologically driven and totally irrational, confuse debate and the definition of our freedoms by arguing in terms of “rights” that are not really rights. To remedy this, we need to accept that we have only a few genuine rights, as delineated by Locke, and distorted by Rob. This proposition, from the same mind that linked fetal personhood to Guantanamo Bay, comes wrapped in the guise of neutral, well-reasoned objectivity, when really, it is more radical than any idea from your usual Bard leftist. Rob suggests that we cannot claim any right that we cannot find explicitly in the Constitution, except he himself does not understand what that document, or the philosophers who informed its writing, meant by “rights.” Thus, he falls behind the curve on American civil liberties, as well

as the political philosophy of the Enlightenment. Perhaps he should refrain from calling people irrational, liberal lunatics when his own views reflect, at best, confident ignorance.

From the outset, Rob makes clear that he has no problem with regular liberals, just those irrational ideologues. One can infer that Rob does not view himself as professing an ideology, for which we would compliment him, if it were actually possible outside of his own political fantasyland. However, he could not even have a fantasyland, or any kind of land, that were political, were it not for the presence of ideology. That he can assert that we have a particular range of rights indicates that his assertions are not universal standards, but instead derived from his own ideology. After all, ideology is simply a belief in something and ideologues are merely people who strongly adhere to those stances, just as Rob does. We do not fault him for that, though, since ideology should not frighten people, especially when it is an ideology in the interest of a free and just society.

According to Rob, however, folks like us go a little nuts with all of this “rights” talk, claiming an entitlement to many things which the Constitution, or natural law, do not allegedly protect. He brands these entitlements as “pseudo-rights,” which along with terms like “irrational ideologue,” comprises the lexicon of what we call “Rosspeak.” Liberals justify all their beliefs by “appealing to authority,” relying upon those aforementioned “pseudo-rights” for validation. This amounts to believing that one has “a right to almost anything,” which Rob scorns. Perhaps he should hesitate to summarily shit on that kind of philosophy (or ideology, even), since it underlies the formative thinking behind liberalism as we have known it for centuries. It is not radical to think that everyone

*After all, ideology is simply a belief in something and ideologues are merely people who strongly adhere to those stances, just as Rob does. We do not fault him for that, though, since ideology should not frighten people, especially when it is an ideology in the interest of a free and just society.*

has the right to do anything so long as no one is harmed in the process, unless you consider Mill, Locke, Hobbes, and Rousseau irrational ideologues.

*Continued on page 11*

## Things You Do On MySpace Are Real

BY TANNER VEA

Middle school can be a horrible environment for young people. Honestly, I don't have a single fond memory from my time in middle school, and I can attribute this fact to the hate I experienced from my classmates. Things were bad enough for social outcasts in the late 90s, when I was there. At least then, we didn't have online social networking sites. At least then, bullies couldn't go on MySpace.com to collude in the spirit of hate.

In Costa Mesa, California, a student at TeWinkle Middle School and twenty of his classmates are facing disciplinary measures for doing just that. In early January, the ringleader created a MySpace group called “I hate [girl's name]” and included an expletive and an anti-Semitic reference. He invited the other twenty students to join, and they willfully did so. Five days after the group formed, he posted a message that read, “Who here in the [group name] wants to take a shotgun and blast her in the head over a thousand times?”

The group's founder faces expulsion. The other twenty kids received two-day suspensions.

To those of you who didn't already think MySpace was whack since Rupert Murdoch took over, I'm sorry for ruining your warm-'n-fuzzy impression that MySpace was all about meeting friends and finding out about bands. Apparently, some little kids have figured out that you can use it for other things as well.

While the Costa Mesa police are deciding whether or not hate-crime charges are appropriate in the case, some parents whose children got suspended are miffed. They say the school district overstepped its bounds in its response to the matter.

According to these parents, the school doesn't have a right to discipline students for things they do on their home computers. Furthermore, they say, their kids didn't even *do* anything. All they did was join the group and view the pages on the site. The invitations the kids received, which encouraged them to join the group and view the violent posting, didn't give any indication of the content of the group's site.

These parents are whiners. They care more about getting their cruel children off the hook than ensuring the safety and emotional well-being of the girl who was threatened. What they—and their children—need is a stern lesson in the implications of online hate.

Granted, the creator of a MySpace posting can later change its content at will, and thus it might be unclear how much some students saw or were aware of what they were getting into. Online social networking is relatively new, and it presents some complications for interpreting cases like these and assigning guilt.

However, it's invalid to excuse a student's online behavior because it occurred at home. People who make that argument fail to understand that websites like MySpace are explicitly intended to reflect real world social relationships. It's the internet! People are naïve to think that hateful sentiments expressed on a website are somehow spatially confined to the building in which the computer was located. Rather, these sentiments are left in free-floating messages that can travel long distances and carry their hateful sentiments with them. Case in point: it was a teacher at TeWinkle Middle School who found the group and reported it to school officials.

We should also consider the fact that, after receiving invitations and joining the group, the suspended students made the choice to *remain* in the group. That decision indicates complicity with the messages of hate and violence that were contained there. The students, by remaining involved, symbolically gave their support for the threat—they gave support for shooting a classmate in the head “thousands of times.”

The bottom line is that the girl whose life was threatened on MySpace had to share the *real* space of the classroom with twenty-one students who openly expressed their hate for her. Regardless of the fact that the actual threat occurred on MySpace, the students involved knew each other from school. They interacted with each other there. And, if there was a legitimate threat to the girl's safety, the school is most likely the place where the threat would be realized.

In taking quick and decisive action, the school made the right decision.



# Meat in Moderation

## When vegetariansim isn't an option

BY GISELLE TOLSON

I am one of the people on campus who leave stacks of leaflets in the campus center, posters in Kline, and even the free stickers on one of the bulletin boards at the campus center. I hand out literature, wear message t-shirts, wear buttons, and when the occasion presents itself, talk about vegetarianism or animal rights in general.

But don't worry, I come in peace. Let me explain.

I've heard the live-and-let-live argument about vegetarians leaving meat-eaters alone, which is essentially saying that we have a right to eat/shop/consume without being criticized for our choices, or concerned about where the products we consume come from. This argument simply doesn't hold. If you choose to be ignorant of all these issues, then inevitably you're not letting someone else live. The fact is, with as much power as we all have, and as much as Americans consume, we have a duty to know where what we buy comes from, or who it comes from, and make changes for the better where we can. It is the duty of the citizen to make informed choices; if you want the choice, then you need to learn about the issue. If you don't, you're not even making a choice, but acting blindly upon tradition and convenience.

I'm not going to lie; becoming vegetarian or vegan is a difficult transition. It's not difficult in terms of health, and it's not even difficult in terms of liking the food (let's face it, meat isn't the sole food you eat all day. You've probably resorted to seitan or tofu at Kline at some point). It is, however, a difficult social transition and a difficult habit to break. You've eaten meat your whole life. Your friends eat meat. Your family eats meat. There will be relatives who swear you will get every dietary deficiency and disease known to humankind if you stop eating cows. To make matters worse, it's socially more difficult to be a male vegetarian; somehow not eating meat is seen as less masculine and oversensitive.

So, if you've ever thought about vegetarianism or have had a twinge of guilt about eating animals, it seems you have two choices: bear with it and try to be vegetarian, or ignore the conflicting notions and assert you're one powerful meat-eating person. No one wants to feel that they unnecessarily contribute to the untold pain of others, no one wants to feel guilty about something they can't change, so most people who consider vegetarianism but feel they can't do it will give up at the idea of ever being able to change, and become hostile towards any attempt to guilt them. Many people will "not care" about animals' suffering or even deny

that non-human animals feel pain. But, the fact is, you don't have to choose between being vegetarian or eating meat.

If you get some level of discomfort at the prospect of someone suffering so you can eat meat, then do what you can; do something you can sustain. This doesn't necessarily mean being vegetarian. Vegetarianism would be nice if everyone could do it, but most can't manage. Choose a small part of your diet you can change and be consistent with. For instance, be vegetarian one day of the week. Or, give up one kind of meat. Give up the one you like the most or the one you like the least, whichever works. Simply put: make a difference by simply eating less meat. Obviously, that's easier than waking up tomorrow and becoming a full-blown vegetarian for the rest of your life; it doesn't frighten everyone, and you are still making a difference. Most people eat about 100 animals a year, so by being vegetarian for one day a week you reduce that by over ten animals per year. Besides, most people who are currently vegetarian or vegan didn't do it overnight, or even if they did, they've had "slip-ups" now and then, especially at the beginning of their change.

But wait... wouldn't I, the vegan activist, want you to deal with it and be strictly vegetarian all the time? Not necessarily. I've heard from many peers who tried to be vegetarian or vegan for a week that they weren't able to handle it, and then they went back to their regular diet. Well, that didn't make much difference, did it? But if you really can't deal with complete vegetarianism, you will, in the long term, effect more change by simply reducing your meat intake to something you can sustain. Someone who reduces their meat intake by a mere ten percent for the rest of their life makes far more difference than someone on a week-long spurt of veganism. And who knows, maybe you'll decide you can handle more commitment later on.

I don't need to tell you why to go vegetarian. You already have reasons. But the fact is, while Americans eat more and more meat every year, the more animals we kill, the worse everyone's health gets, and the more irreversible damage is done to the environment simply through animal agriculture. A small change you make will help, even if it isn't all-or-none.

Here are some resources:

[www.goveg.com](http://www.goveg.com)

[www.vegcooking.com](http://www.vegcooking.com)

[www.vegweb.com](http://www.vegweb.com)

If you are vegetarian, you can also be vegan for a day, or not eat dairy/your morning omelet for one day a week. The reasons for veganism as opposed to vegetarianism are not as obvious, however, so if you would like more information on that subject:

[www.milksucks.com](http://www.milksucks.com)

[www.upc-online.org](http://www.upc-online.org)

[www.vegsource.com/jo/qa/qaeggs.htm](http://www.vegsource.com/jo/qa/qaeggs.htm)

[www.notmilk.com](http://www.notmilk.com)

[www.vegetus.org/honey/honey.htm](http://www.vegetus.org/honey/honey.htm)

# Introducing: Philanthrocapitalism

BY ROB ROSS

I could say that the United States is one of the richest, greediest and most insensitive countries on the planet, and that we turn a blind eye to the suffering of the world's poor. I could say that time and time again we have broken our promise to the world by not giving even .7% of our GDP to poorer countries. I could say that if only we would live up to our word, give at least what we promised to give in 2002, world poverty would be eradicated in the next few decades.

But I'd be a fool if I did.

Anybody who takes three seconds to learn about philanthropy in the 21st century will discover three very important things. The first is that America is *very* generous when it comes to charity. The second is that poverty is *systemic*, and can only be eradicated through innovative solutions to pressing problems. Finally, that it is very likely that capitalist and competitive principles, if applied to philanthropic endeavors, will provide such solutions.

Last issue, Jesse Meyerson wrote that "for 35 years, the rich world has promised that we'd give .7% of our income to help the poorest of the poor, with official development assistance... Most Americans think we do twenty times more, when we actually give less than a forth of our promise." This is an all-too common fallacy propagated by misinformed liberals. Yes, the *government* gives about .3% of the GDP as foreign assistance. But the American *people*, the

"we" in Jesse's article, are among the most generous people in the world. Looking at the numbers we see that between 1995 and 2002 Americans gave the largest percentage of their GDP as charity, more than 1.5%. The next biggest giver, Canada, only donated a little more than 1%. And an annual survey conducted by Giving USA indicates that Americans increased their charitable giving by 5% in 2004 to a record \$249 billion, more than 2% of GDP. Of the ten largest international charity foundations, seven are US based (the first is the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, giving \$28.8 billion for improving medical treatment in poor countries).

The simple fact is that the American people are, according to the numbers, among the most generous on the planet. By only looking at the amount of money the *government* gives, you are only looking at a small part of the picture. Even if you decide that faith-based giving is not considered charity, which is a rather arrogant position to take, the US *still* gives 1.85% GDP. We have more than lived up to our word.

The problem is not in the spirit of the people; it is in the nature of the charity. Philanthropy needs to become philanthrocapitalism. Charity needs to start to resemble a capitalist economy in which benefactors become consumers of social investment. The fact is that Americans, and people in general, are not greedy. Many wealthy Americans are looking for ways to make a difference in the world. It's time for charitable organizations to start to compete for their money.

First, benefactors must be given something to "invest" in, something created by "social entrepreneurs." Second, the philanthropy market requires an infrastructure, something like a stock market, investment banks, research

*Continued on page 13*

*Myerson and Weston, continued from page 10*

Rob belabors, "I am simply saying that the moralistic argument, the argument based solely on the authority of rights, is invalid and counterproductive." The eminent problem here is that Rob does not know what he means by the words he uses. Appealing to authority has a central place in argumentation, such as when professors recommend "citing" from "texts" much as "Rob" "does." Remember that despite his previous claim about "appealing to authority," Rob appeals directly to Locke. Furthermore, to say that Locke did not write from a moralistic perspective is parallel to the claim that Noah's balls each have one delegate in the United Nations General Assembly. In his abuse of Locke, Rob narrows our rights to "life, liberty, and property," but never attributes them to anything but a deductive proof. By whose authority do we have these rights? Locke's? God's? Rob's? Noah's ball delegation? If you said "God," you might have read Locke carefully enough to know that Rob has removed the man's words from their full context, completely omitting Locke's belief in a creator who gives us our freedoms.

Liberals, those slimy, duplicitous fucks, make Rob's goatee twist in frustrated knots, when they tell him that he has the "right to die, to a good education, to a good job, to respect, to dignity, to an abortion, to a state-issued marriage license, to health care, to leisure time, to immigrate, to social equality, to information, to food, shelter, and clothing, etc." Under the United States Constitution, however, Rob enjoys many of those things as rights, with a few exceptions due to squeamishness, bigotry, and social neglect. Why, if we have authority over ourselves, as he claims, do we not have the rights to death and dignity? Legal precedent has determined that rights imply their opposites. The right to free speech implies the right to remain silent, the right to bear arms—as in the case of the Vice President—implies the right to own no arms at all—as in the case of Quadriplegic Steve—and thus, it logically follows that our right to life indeed secures our right to die.

Our examples only encompass a few essential principles, but they at least corroborate with reality, whereas Rob just makes some shit up. For instance, to prove the validity of the three Locke-given rights versus our PCP-addled idiocy he calls "pseudo rights," he gives the unhelpfully vague example of a person being prevented by the government from interfering with another person's right to speech and contrasts that with a desert island scenario, in which a doctor is not obligated to give you medical if you are hurt, contrary to the "pseudo-rights" liberals claim. We wish we could state that more concisely, but its density reflects the sheer backwardness of Rob's ideas. For one thing, civil liberties, as Rob himself noted, protect you from the government, instead of compelling the government to protect you. Furthermore, on this desert island, this doctor could conceivably kill you, too, unless he felt bound to the Hippocratic oath. None of this matters, though, since rights' development has depended on having a real legal and social context, not ludicrous, erotic desert island doctor fantasies.

As opposed to the textually faithful and historically accurate commentary that he pretends to deliver, Rob has given us an intellectual slip-and-slide, coated in misinformation and John Locke's mangled entrails. Although he cannot stand liberal ideologues, we have no problem with him, as he is as much an ideologue as we are, just a dismally wrong one. Certainly, he had high hopes of being a meaningful provocateur or contrarian, but instead, he just made our balls recede into the clouds and begin raining Skittles. Taste the rainbow, Rob. That's the tang of truth.

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## The New Emporia The Need for Leadership, Part three of three

BY MATTHEW ROZSA

*"Any state, any entity, any ideology that fails to recognize the worth, the dignity, the rights of man, that state is obsolete."*

- Rod Serling (June 2, 1961)

When Roosevelt's New Deal coalition disintegrated during the philosophical wars of the 1960s, the man who initially picked up the pieces (during the presidential election of 1968) was former Vice President Richard M. Nixon. Nixon's plan had been to establish a political coalition that was united by policies which were economically liberal, internationally moderate, and culturally conservative, and would contain many of the same target groups (southerners, blue-collar workers, farmers) that had made up the New Deal coalition, as well as some new ones (anti-intellectuals, anti-counter-culturalists, the religious right). Nixon was very successful, and by the time the presidential election of 1972 rolled around, his coalition was capable of reelecting him by one of the greatest landslides in American history. All the trappings had been established for a new political order, with Richard Nixon defining the features of the fresh landscape; soon, however, he was forced to resign in disgrace, and the moderate-conservative coalition that he had forged through the fires of the sixties was inherited by another man, the man who would defeat Jimmy Carter in the presidential election of 1980 - former Governor Ronald Reagan of California.

Reagan proceeded to use Nixon's coalition to transform the Republicans into a majority party, while simultaneously moving many of the policies that Nixon himself had advocated to the right. By the time he was done, the modern conservative coalition had been assembled, and both major parties were operating on the ideological playing field that Reagan had designed. The government actively fostered the interests of an unofficial corporate oligarchy, so that the wealthy would grow wealthier while the financial plight of most Americans became increasingly difficult; the progressive social programs that had been implemented by the government since the days of the first Roosevelt were gradually rolled back; foreign policy took on a neo-imperialist tone that was fueled by idealism but fed by the military-industrial complex; the cultural tone of the nation soon found itself dominated by the restrictive intolerance of the religious right. Reagan's successor, George H. W. Bush, continued this legacy; the next president, William J. Clinton, initially tried to buck it, but eventually tired and succumbed to it, both by buckling to its demands and being destroyed by its greatest zealots; and George W. Bush has spent the greater part of his presidency building on the Reagan legacy by exploiting both the horror of September 11th and the cultural prejudices of the religious and cultural right-wing.

We currently occupy Ronald Reagan's America, and the only way to end this era is for the Democratic party to select a presidential candidate in 2008 who is capable of restructuring the system to fit his or her own vision.

Socially, this candidate must be liberal; he or she must have the courage to stand up to the religious right, and insist that all Americans have the right to live their lives in the manner of their choosing, provided that they do not harm others in the process. The logical conclusions that can be drawn from this simple belief (which lies at the core of all liberalism) is that homosexuals should be allowed to live as they please, without fear of persecution or political marginalization (such as would occur were they prohibited the right to consensual marriage); women should have the right to choose what to do with their own bodies on issues ranging from sexuality to abortion, and should also have legislation passed to close the ever-present gaps of gender inequality; the economic policies which exist in our nation should revolve around easing the lot of lower and lower-middle class Americans, so that all working citizens will have the ability to easily provide for their biological and social necessities; the environment should be protected, so that citizens will not have to worry about ecological instability in the future; the arts and sciences should be promoted by the government in every way possible, so that our nation can both maintain and build upon its current intellectual golden age; and safeguards should be installed to protect Americans from various internal threats, including crime, natural disasters (meteorological, medical, and otherwise), and economic downturns. What's more, this candidate must be willing to confidently state the truth about the religious right - that their cries of "persecution" refer not to any effort on the part of the government or society to prevent them from living their lives in the manner of their choosing, but rather of the refusal of the government or society

to allow them to pressure others into adopting their own beliefs and practices.

Internationally, the policies of our government must be first and foremost devoted to protecting us from potential threats, ranging from the imperialist aspirations of the fundamentalist Muslim world to the more subtle dangers posed by the groping ambitions of authoritarian China. After that, however, the obligation of the American government is to promote the rights that it grants to its own citizens to people all over the world. Here we need leaders who can turn to the muscular humanitarianism of Franklin Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Dwight Eisenhower, and Jimmy Carter, individuals who did what was necessary to spread democracy throughout the world without succumbing to the neo-imperialist aspirations of corporate interest groups, or the bald profiteering of the military-industrial complex.

Simply holding the right beliefs is not sufficient, however. We also need a leader with the raw intellectual gifts and moral wisdom of a Thomas Jefferson; the power of character and shrewd political skills of an Andrew Jackson; the sweeping vision and robust get-it-done energy of a Theodore Roosevelt; and the soul-stir-

ring eloquence and administrative prowess of a Franklin Roosevelt. I do not share the belief, which is in vogue among the many Americans who have become jaded by what they perceive to be the many disreputable aspects of our modern political system, that such a leader does not exist in this country. The Republicans, unfortunately, have been hi-jacked by too many unsavory elements to be able to produce such an individual; the Democrats, on the other hand, possess many, many men and women who have the principles and character-

istics that make America great. As of February 2006, it would be premature for me to issue forth any definitive declarations on which of these individuals would make for the best choice as a presidential candidate in 2008, although I can certainly identify those who I believe to have great potential.

It is important, however, that Americans never lose faith in the ability of great men and women to change the course of history, for the betterment of

humankind. History is not an insurmountable current that sweeps all people under its tow. Its course can be shifted, for good as well as for ill, by the actions of individual human beings. Our generation's mission will consist of recognizing these human beings when they emerge, just as the mission of every person who occupies our era should consist of strive to become one of them.

*We currently occupy Ronald Reagan's America, and the only way to end this era is for the Democratic party to select a presidential candidate in 2008 who is capable of restructuring the system to fit his or her own vision.*

## Zendik Arts: Just Stop Bitching

BY JULIA WENTZEL

When I saw a flier for the Zendik Arts presentation last Friday the 17th, I naively assumed that everyone would be seduced, as I was, by their slogan: "Stop Bitching, Start a Revolution!" Zendik, I learned, was founded in 1969 by Wulf Zendik, an artist, writer, and philosopher, and his life-partner Arol, a singer, actor, and visual artist. With the birth of their child Fawn, they found they were unsatisfied with simply letting their daughter grow up in the world as they saw it. They began the Zendik Movement with the idea that through communication, self-examination, and art, people could find the means within themselves to better the world.

The oddity of the background of this organization was bait enough. I went, expecting crowds of students pushing for a glimpse into the minds of a successful group of activists who knew how to make real, effective change in the world. Instead, I walked into an empty MPR, eventually joined by no more than twenty others. I was disappointed in our community for not turning out to such an event; in retrospect, I'm immensely grateful.

"When you someday do go out into the world, you're going to realize that it's not perfect, that it needs to change" began the Zendik presentation, put on by four of its members. I could actually feel the temperature in the room rise with the audience's blood pressures. Who in this whole room, if not the whole country, didn't already know that?

Biting our tongues, those of us who didn't sneak out were subjected to 45 minutes of verbal vomit. These four young people were so disorganized, so confused, and so blinded by ideals that they may not have actually known which of the United States they were currently in, let alone how to deliver to and inspire an audience. Over and over they told us of the need for change in the world, and never once did they bring up any method of going about it.

"So...what do you do?" asked an audience member at long last. A moment of awkward silence was eaten up by the regurgitation of the same spiel, with a tone of condescension so palpable I began to

wonder if maybe they were saying something important and we all just weren't getting it.

I cleared up that doubt by loitering once the interminable presentation drew to a close. "Maybe we missed something," my friends and I started politely, "what actions do you take to make the changes you envision in the world?" The Zendik representatives mirrored our looks of disbelief as they talked about soul-searching, about communicating, about how they all live on a cooperative farm somewhere. I clenched my fists in my pockets.

"We have a serious political agenda," they added, nodding wisely. It mostly involved overthrowing the government so that everyone could live in a network of cooperatives. More than anything, they stressed the importance of toppling the "capital-competitive market system." What did they think of alternatives created within existing structures? "Those don't work," they told us.

I venture to suggest that alternative markets like Fair Trade do in fact work. They lack the flashy "fuck you" mentality that seems to be perpetually equated with social revolution, but they are both accessible and hugely functional. Coffee and other farmers in the developing world can often more than quadruple their salaries by growing and producing their crops in methods prescribed by the Fair Trade system.

On a far more significant level, social change that works within existing structures has the advantage of not alienating every single person it would hope to win. There are few wealthy and powerful people I can think of who would sign up for a revolution against capitalism, because it would harm them more than anyone. But plenty of people, rich or otherwise, are willing to pay an extra dollar for their double tall espresso.

I can credit Zendik with one good idea: communication must and will always be the foundation for any kind of real revolution. Simply by bringing up a need for change, progress is made. By connecting the needs and desires of a broad spectrum of people, as our school works hard to do, the birth of new ideals is inevitable.

But to stop there is foolish and embarrassing. And to condescend to those who try other methods is counter-productive as well as just mean. I respect Zendik's devotion but despise their behavior. I am content to believe that subscribing to successful ideas to fight real issues is superior to a sexy slogan.





Ross, continued from page 11

houses, management consultants, and so on. Third, benefactors themselves need to behave more like investors, seeking to maximize the "social return" of their investments, some by diversifying their "social investments," others by becoming hands-on, engaged "venture philanthropists." Fourth, the market needs to abandon its stigmatization of for-profit philanthropy. For example, one form of philanthropy could be "socially responsible" investment, where an investment company makes sure that your money is put in companies whose business will have a beneficial effect on poorer countries. Fifth, the market needs to *innovate*. As I said before, poverty is systemic. You can put a Band-Aid on hunger by buying ten tons of wheat for a starving region, or you can build a sturdy highway between more productive areas and less productive areas to

## Horoscopes

BY CLAIR CONNECTION

### Aries (March 21-April 19)

I typed the word "redemption" into Google this morning, just to see what would happen. Among sites for "The Shawshank Redemption" and the Catholic Encyclopedia, an ad popped up for Ebay, with the phrase, "Looking for redemption? Find exactly what you want today!" This seemed to be an apt metaphor for you this week, Aries, as finally the chance to redeem your past errors is being offered to you from all sides. Just remember, before you try to purchase salvation, the original Latin *redemptio* literally means "ransom price." Sure, deliverance might be easy to come by these days, but are you willing to do what it takes to expunge yourself of previous faults?

### Taurus (April 20-May 20)

I remember pre-school better than almost any other peri-

make sure that people don't get hungry in the first place.

The field of philanthrocapitalism is budding and very promising. For a much more in-depth read, see *The Economist's* "The Business of Giving: A Survey of Wealth and Philanthropy" in the February 25th edition. For now, suffice it to say that the problem of poverty is not simply a financing problem, as Jesse believes. It is a systemic problem, caused by a combination of things including, though Jesse was so quick to denounce it, corrupt government. "Adopting a platform of peace and justice" sounds very pretty, but is not what we need. Too many people get too distracted ringing the "generosity" bell. What we need is to adopt a platform of innovation and problem solving. So, while Jesse and the peaceful, justice-seeking Democrats are patching the hull with chewing gun, the rest of us should go and design a boat that doesn't leak so much.

od of my life. It was great. I love pre-school. One day in pre-school we all got fortune cookies for some reason. Mine said something cryptic about the art of conversation (stupid), but my friend Zacky (to my dismay and, to this day, crippling jealousy) cracked his open to find the message: "You will become Master of the Universe." Although, to my knowledge, this has yet to transpire for dear Zacky, your "Master of the Universe" phase is just beginning, Taurus. I would recommend you make the most of it; don't worry too much about the "benevolent ruler" stuff, but instead focus mainly on getting a really big crown and flaunting what you've got.

### Gemini (May 21-June 20)

With Venus moving into witty Aquarius this week, your powers of imaginative mischief are at an all time high. Rather than spray-painting "is constipated/eats baby sugar-gliders" on the homes of those who have annoyed you in the past, why not instead try studying the example of the Native American trickster tales. In these tales, the

Continued on page 15

## Real American Heroes: ytmnd.com

BY TOM SCHULTZ

I recently realized that this column lacks diversity. The subjects of this column have all had similar backgrounds, and I need to focus on someone who isn't a white (or Asian) upper-class male. So this is what I came up with. A fucking website. If that isn't diversity, you tell me what is.

For those of you who have never visited ytmnd.com, know this: you are missing out on one of life's simple treasures. I don't really expect anyone at Luddite Bard to soil their pants over a non-pornographic website, nor do I really even consider myself a seasoned internet junkie, but seriously, it's good shit.

If you're still reading this article, you may be wondering what exactly ytmnd.com is, and what the acronym even stands for. Well, I'll tell you! Ytmnd.com (originally yourethemannowdog.com, hence the acronym) is a website centered around a single, simple premise: give everyone a free webpage and let them do whatever they want with it, with one limitation: the webpage can only have one tiled picture, one looped sound, and one bar of text on the entire thing. Sound amazing? It is.

Ytmnd.com was founded by Max Goldberg in 2001, when Max watched the movie "Finding Forrester" and heard Sean Connery say the prophetic words, "You're the man now, Dog!" in an attempt to sound "ghetto." Inspired by this, Max created the website yourethemannowdog.com, which showed a picture of Connery, a looping clip from the movie which repeated that line, and text that read "You're the man now, Dog!" Almost immediately, the concept spread. People started immortalizing their own favorite movie quotes with similar websites, and the site caught on like wildfire; who could

resist the charisma of Sean Connery?

Eventually, Goldberg created ytmnd.com to provide free hosting for such websites. Today, ytmnd.com hosts more than 200,000 such websites, dedicated to various heroes and villains. Popular heroes commemorated on the site include Gene Wilder, Haddaway, Captain Jean-Luc Picard, The Burger King King, Bill Nye, and of course, Chuck Norris. Additionally, the pages created on ytmnd.com have inspired numerous fads that have expanded across internet geekdom. Indeed, ytmnd.com may have surpassed even the annoying Romanian pop song "Dragostea Din Tei" in terms of internet popularity.

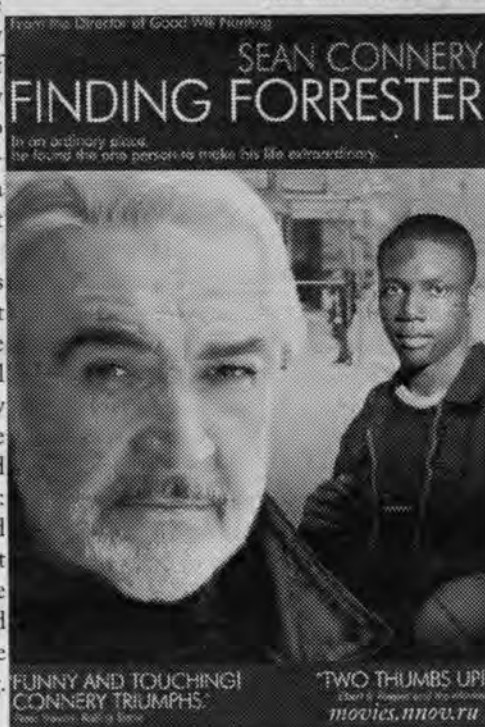
In January of this year, ytmnd.com became unwillingly involved in a vicious fight with corporate giant and humor website eBaum's World over content stolen by eBaum's World from ytmnd. In response to this theft,

ytmnd users hacked into eBaum's World and temporarily put it out of commission. These actions were condemned by Max Goldberg, but he nonetheless received a nasty "cease and desist" email from Neil Bauman, some crazy old guy who claims to own eBaum's World even though he is only the creator's father. Bauman was quoted as saying that ytmnd.com was "comprised of pathetic, pimply-faced maladjusted preteens." I find this to be extremely unfair, as I am far past being a "preteen." Bauman also plans to take legal action against ytmnd.com. The result of this action for eBaum's World has been vastly decreased popularity and a huge drop in advertising revenue since January.

Nonetheless, eBaum's World must be stopped in its evil quest to destroy ytmnd.com. So basically, no

one should go to ebaumsworld.com ever again. And everyone should visit ytmnd.com at least once. Hell, I spend my entire weekend surfing that website. Well, that and sobbing.

Ytmnd.com, which began as one man, one line, and one webpage, has now expanded to momentous proportions. I know no one is actually going to visit the website after reading this article, but that doesn't obscure the fact the ytmnd.com is and will continue to be one of the most quality websites on the net. Thank you for your time.



## Redheads Are Better In The Sack

### Moaning, Shivering, Groaning, Sweating

BY L.S. DRATCH AND M.C. PLATOFF

Conversations about the weather are usually reserved for awkward silences or chats with elderly relatives who would probably have a stroke if confronted with the realities of your Thursday night debaucheries. So why is it that here at Bard, the climate is all people motherfucking talk about? People from North Jersey should not be paralyzed by a few flakes of snow, but for some reason, when confronted with it on the way to Symposium, it hampers their typical enthusiasm for the weekly lecture. Perhaps those LA kids lack exposure to such chilling climates, but one would think that after an entire semester of similar upstate weather, they would have abandoned their trendy spandex 80s-style leggings in favor of more practical winter attire. The next time I see a hipster girl in ginormous Dolce shades puffing on a clove cigarette and bitching about the "unexpected" snow flurry, I'm going to slap her upside the face and tell her to truck her ass back to whichever tropical gated community she came from.

*Our interpersonal abilities here at Bard are more reminiscent of zit-faced middle-schoolers than outgoing coeds who check "whatever I can get" on their Facebook profiles.*

Maybe the frequent talk of the weather is so omnipresent because of the social ineptitude of Bardians, resulting in a multitude of the aforementioned awkward conversations. How many times have you been sitting at Kline with someone who is dressed like a hobo and can't seem to discuss anything more fascinating than their recent emotional trauma, which has already been extensively transcribed in their livejournal? Perhaps they are simply not used to conversing multi-syllabically because they wouldn't be able to hear each other over the screamo anyway. Whatever the case, our interpersonal abilities here at Bard are more reminiscent of zit-faced middle-schoolers than outgoing coeds who check "whatever I can get" on their Facebook profiles.

On the other hand, the source of the issue could have to do with a little psychological issue commonly known as "limo-withdrawal." This disorder occurs primarily in overly coddled, bourgeois "hippies" who, without warning, find themselves on a rural college campus, surrounded by trees and totally devoid of any chauffeur service (other than the Bard Shuttle, which definitely doesn't count). Like Paris Hilton's naked, hybrid rat-dog, Tinkerbell, freshmen find themselves suddenly thrust out of the familiar purse and forced to scamper nervously about on the "gasp" freezing, cold ground, wondering, "Jeeves, where are you?" Understandably, this is a distressing transition that warrants exhaustive dialogue, nonetheless, this should occur in a therapist's office rather than First Year Seminar.

The critical reader should not assume that the unpleasant temperaments purveyed above are limited to New York winters (which admittedly last 90% of the year). As soon as the setting on the climate-control unit is changed from hot to cold - which inevitably has absolutely no effect on the temperature of its output - new declarations of displeasure will be heard all throughout the quad. During the course of the tedious walk to class, one will be serenaded by the gentle sizzling noise of tender, milky-white caucasian skin burning in the blazing sunlight. Students will emerge to pray to their Wiccan gods at the Chapel of the Holy Innocence that Leon will wear more deodorant on the morrow. During the summer months, students at Bard tend to run, screaming, back to their dorms to shed a sentimental tear over the poetry of Robert Frost, the beginning of Frankenstein, and other works that transport them back to the delightfully crisp winter, which they now fervently desire and profess to adore. Ice, ice baby.



## CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

*The Observer's Sex Column**I am a man, and I want to learn to have multiple orgasms, or to have orgasms without ejaculating. How do I do it?**As always, Sexually Curious*

It sounds like you want information on Tantric Sex for males. Tantric sex is a practice that combines yoga, meditation, and sexual intercourse that has documented origins in the ancient lands of India around 3000 B.C. and uses techniques derived from Buddhism. This rapidly developing field of sexual pleasure research has Barnes and Noble adding whole sections devoted to it. While spiritually and emotionally this practice will cure any monogamous relationships of tiresome, everyday woes, this may not be the quickest route for you to experience multiple sexual blisses without ejaculating, and you probably don't have the time or the relationship to do tantric. Even though you may be extremely familiar with this comment, guys your age do have "difficulty holding it in" at times. This common sexual anxiety in college-aged males is nothing to fret about and no grounds for concern. In fact, your question is probably on the minds of many. I personally do not believe in ejaculatory "disorders" or penises that are "too small or too big," so listen up: If you don't have a partner, go it alone. But if you do have a partner, explore together. There is NO way you will have the experience you seek without understanding a few things. Do not get discouraged. Visualize that your sexual energy is a ball of fire traveling away from your genitals and toward your abdomen. You may experience tingling in your extremities. This feeling means its working, but you may be in too cold of a room for your fingers and toes to handle the directional change in blood flow and they may go numb. Take a hot shower and try, try again.

*Featured Vibrator of the Week: Babeland Silver Bullet*

The Bard student feedback on this high-powered device that I have collected in recent weeks leads me to make various assumptions about the sexual bliss factor. Informants have commented that the hands-free

vibrating action and the easily controlled vibration settings are a fabulous bargain at little over \$10. However, even at the gentlest possible setting, the silver bullet alone is over-stimulating to the clitoris and vagina in cases when these areas were not wet enough. This observation actually holds true for just about any high powered sex toy. My best advice is to use this vibrator with attachments or under clothing to disperse the wild vibrations. Straight, gay, and bisexual males and females alike can use this item for sexual bliss. Precautions: Keep away from anal cavity and keep device clean

Price online at [www.babeland.com](http://www.babeland.com): \$12.00. Requires 2 AA batteries. Vibrator lasts years, unless your hyper-active pet kitten or ferret bites through the cord, severing it forever. True story, folks.

**Tips from Bardians to Bardians:**

This is Caleb. He is gorgeous, refined, sporty, a great actor and comic, sensitive and willing to accommodate, he has smashing hair styles and dresses even better. Oh, and did I say...charming and extraordinary? How could ANY girl turn this man down? Anyway, he wants a personal ad. You can contact him through the *Bard Observer* or if you are lucky, he might give you his cell or internet homepage.



Caleb: "I am looking for a fun, clean, psychologically stable girl who is always up for anything, never gets tired, and enjoys funny, sweet guys who are unable to emotionally commit to something at the moment."

Email your QUESTIONS to [gw876@bard.edu](mailto:gw876@bard.edu) (Anything on love/hate, relationships, health problems, Bard health concerns or sex/sexuality/gender are welcomed.)

this is not intended to replace professional medical advice.

## The Observer

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## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8

Math/CS Table 12pm Kline

IDFC: 7PM Kids

9PM The Rugrat's Movie

Stand Up Workshop: 9pm Down the Road Cafe

## THURSDAY, MARCH 9

Bard Songwriter Showcase  
9PM Down the Road CafeFrench Table 12:30-1:30pm Kline  
President's Room

Observer Meeting 8pm

The Pillowman: 8PM Old Gym

## FRIDAY, MARCH 10

Scottish Country dancing 7:30-  
9:30PM Stenven Aerobics studio,  
Stevensen Gym

BFC: Gore by Argento

7PM Suspiria

8:45 Tenebre

10:45 Rashomon

The Pillowman: 8PM Old Gym

## SATURDAY, MARCH 11

The Pillowman: 8PM Old  
Gym

## MONDAY, MARCH 13

Hebrew Table 6:30-7:30PM  
Kline Committee RoomStudents for a Free Tibet 6:45pm  
Kline President's RoomSMOG: 8PM Ponytail, Hop  
Along Queen Ansleis, DDB

## TUESDAY, MARCH 14

Bard Democrats 9PM Campus  
Red Room

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15

Math/CS Table 12pm Kline

8PM PAC: Performance: *Biro* by  
Ugandan Artist, Ntare Guma  
Mbaho Mwine

Stand Up Workshop: 9pm DTR

10pm 4SQUARE SMOG

## THURSDAY, MARCH 16

French Table 12:30-1:30pm  
Kline President's Room8PM Weis: *Beware of Time*, a  
film by Ntare Guma Mbaho  
MwineRaina Rose  
9PM Down the Road Cafe

## FRIDAY, MARCH 17

Scottish Country dancing 7:30-  
9:30PM Stenven Aerobics studio,  
Stevensen GymSMOG: 9PM Extreme Animals,  
Agent Moosehead, Paper Rad

## SATURDAY, MARCH 18

PAC: Spring Dance 8PM

SMOG: 9PM Tracy and the  
Plastics

## SUNDAY, MARCH 19

PAC: Spring Dance 3PM

BFC: Twin Peaks Marathon  
7PM-1AM (episodes TBD)

## MONDAY, MARCH 20

Hebrew Table 6:30-7:30PM  
Kline Committee RoomStudents for a Free Tibet  
6:45pm Kline President's RoomSMOG: 8PM Federation X,  
GTRLKR

*Horoscopes, continued from page 13*

trickster, usually Coyote or Raven, alternately scandalizes, disgusts, amuses, disrupts, chastises, and humiliates the denizens of his world. So far so good, you're thinking. Yet at the same time the trickster is a creative force transforming the world, sometimes in bizarre and outrageous ways, with his instinctive energy and cunning. Try this week to use your mischief like a wise trickster: cut your friends out of the monster's belly, Gemini, but don't breed monsters of your own.

**Cancer (June 21-July 22)**

The pre-Socratic philosopher Heraclitus is thought famously to have said something to the effect of, "you never step in the same river twice." Despite the fact that this is not actually what he said, I would like to propose to you, Cancer, the metaphor of water's constant anomaly as a symbol of your life this week. In fact, take another (more accurate) quote from Heraclitus as your motto: "I am as I am not." Celebrate strangeness, be liquid: be as no one is or has ever been.

**Leo (July 23-August 22)**

One of the recurring themes in Fairy Tales is the arrival of a wish-granting fish/genie/frog/eggplant that usually gets someone in trouble because it turns out they didn't really want what they thought they wanted. With Aquarius, your cosmic complement, coming into focus in your chart this week Leo, I suggest you take a very careful self-survey to determine what exactly it is that you want, because chances are if you really know (and only if you *really* know), you will have a good chance of getting it. If you don't know, you could end up like the hovel-dwelling fisherman who, when he catches a flounder who is really an

enchanted prince, lets him go, because "what was there to wish for?"

**Virgo (August 23-September 22)**

It is earthquake season in Virgo-land. Of course, in reaction to the "all shook-up-ness" of your world, you are looking to erect some sort of stable structure around yourself this week, something that will endure, like a pyramid, or a castle, or (dare I say it) an ivory tower. However, I would advise against this sort of monument-making, and instead suggest that perhaps you "learn to love your own disease," as they say, and shake along with the world. Come down to its level, inhabit the grass and not the tower, and, if nothing else, you will learn some really wild dance moves.

**Libra (September 23-October 22)**

This week, Libra, I'd like to remind you of the time I found two twenty dollar bills in the pocket of a really ugly (awesome) skisuit I got at Goodwill. Then there was the time I woke up with what turned out to be a really great hair-do. Then, another time, a friend of mine hit this other girl's car, and they ended up falling in love (ok, that never actually happened. But that's not the point). What I am trying to get at with this somewhat trite list of examples, Libra, is that (due most likely to the presence of Jupiter in your house of material gain) you are prime for the discovery of unlikely riches, both fiscal and otherwise. So don't make up your mind about things too quickly. That disgusting swamp might in fact be El Dorado. Or you might just meet a really cute swamp thing there.

**Scorpio (October 23-November 21)**

The word "oto" in Japanese, which literally means sound, can be conceptualized as a sort of universal sound, spreading like rip-

ples from a central source and penetrating all that exists. Picture it in terms of Basho's famous haiku: *Furu ike ya/ kawazu tobiko-mu/ mizu no oto* (Old pond/frog jumps in/sound of water). It seems that this week Scorpio, you are especially in tune to these harmonic vibrations, acknowledging their equal existence in yourself and all that surrounds you. Use your knowledge of this universal "sound-matter" to engage in rapturous communion with the world as you celebrate and fall musically in love with that "frog" we all have in common.

**Sagittarius (November 22-December 21)**

Silence is, according to M. Blanchot, the secret dream of poetry; its ultimate state and sole salvation. Of course, "salvation" here is mostly metaphorical. But furthermore (poetry aside, thank god), it is said that "Silence is golden," and "there is no holiness but in silence." Ever the contrarian, Sag, ask yourself this week whether there isn't also holiness in noise, laughter, and really loud things like monster truck rallies and howler monkeys. I mean, hello, it's "the voice of the spirit" not the "silence of the spirit."

**Capricorn (December 22-January 19)**

I overheard part of a conversation outside the library the other day (and my apologies to those involved for being an inveterate eavesdropper), where one of the parties was informing the other party of his opinion that, in fact, we do not start to get stupid-er until our 60s, and that from the ages of say, 26-59, it is perfectly conceivable that one would retain strong mental capacities, and perhaps even continue to expand them. The other party, however, maintained that true intellectual development only occurs until a certain (very) young age, and that from there it is all down hill.

This week, Capricorn, you are proving a standout example of the inaccuracy of this person's view. It would seem that you have suddenly become endowed with intelligence beyond (beneath?) your years.

**Aquarius (January 20-February 18)**

"Yayas": we all have them (it turns out that *yaya* is a Mohabi word, meaning "waterfall"—thank you [urbandictionary.com](http://urbandictionary.com)), and yet no one seems to be able to, as they say, "get them out." Except you, Aquarius. You appear to be getting all sort of yayas out this week. And it's not surprising, with Mars challenging your ruling planet Uranus, that some of said yayas are on the darker side. But *do* go chasin' waterfalls, or rather, continue to jump into them, since you appear to have caught them already. Now is the perfect time for you to let off steam. Or smoke. Or maybe even fire. Excuse the mixed metaphors. I'm probably just jealous.

**Pisces (February 19-March 20)**

I am not entirely sure what advice to give you, Pisces, as you go about building your will and testing your faith this birthday month. All I can say is that I have every confidence that you can honestly and confidently confront the world with your will while tempering its strength with your natural kindness. The only other thing I can say (or rather, let Schopenhauer say) is this: "the world as idea is a mirror which reflects the will. In this mirror the will recognizes itself in ascending grades of distinctness and completeness, the highest of which is man, whose nature, however, receives its complete expression only through the integrated series of his actions." Ugh. Sorry about that. Good luck, and happy birthday!



by

Noah Weston

Hello, America friends.  
I am Frederik Svjordensaaag,  
totally live from Denmark!

Since you are as friends,  
you can say me  
as, "Fresvjr." It is  
short for "Frederik  
Svjordensaaag."

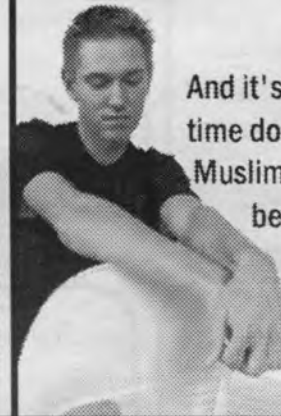
You catch me?



You may have seen on the  
television all these Muslims  
going totally crazy, burning  
European embassies and  
having brain issues.



And it's all because of that funny  
time doody doo up there. The  
Muslims are angry at we Danes  
because a Danish himself  
drew the bushy face snarl  
snarl. They think it is their  
"Muhammed," who is  
not to be cartooned!!



Hold your Jet Horses, Kemosabe!  
These Muslims are all wrong like whoa.

The real thing is that he isn't Muhammed  
at all. This you would know if you knew  
about Danish history and culture!

We are more than totally hot  
mesh shirts and angry Muslims!



We also have wild sexy abs and pulsing trance  
music that goes boom boom boom.  
In any why, as I was said before I lifted  
my shirt, the Muslims should know that this



is not Muhammed, but instead  
a thing of Danish child books.  
He is "Angrybeard Bombhead"  
and the boys and girls,  
they love him so so much.

Every Spring, Angrybeard Bombhead explodes  
into many pieces, showering the happy children  
with candy and subsidized health care!



They have the rotten teeth, the free doctors,  
and the hot mesh shirts!

Now, remember America friends:  
Denmark loves Muslims and  
would never throw fun at them.

We hope you visit us soon!

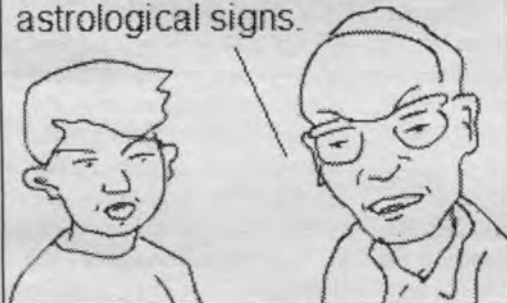


## Tortillas

Mark Essen

### MEANWHILE

Your first challenge is to build  
a fire harnessing the friction  
between our contrasting  
astrological signs.



Your next challenge is to allow  
me to lose myself in your eyes.  
They envelope me. I am young  
again, sucking at my mother's  
teat. She smiles.

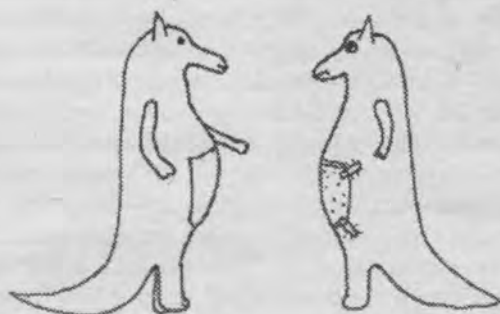


I ride the cenotaur to the field.  
His giant back now sags with  
my weight. He looks at me the  
way he did when we met, and I  
know he has come here to die.



by  
M.O.

That's pita bread, Tim.



The social blunders of pouchless kangaroos

